



ISSUE 4

£3.25

## LITTLE WHITE LIES

*Truth & Movies*

**THE  
AWESOME;  
I F\*\*KIN'  
SHOT  
THAT!  
ISSUE**

**UNITED 93**

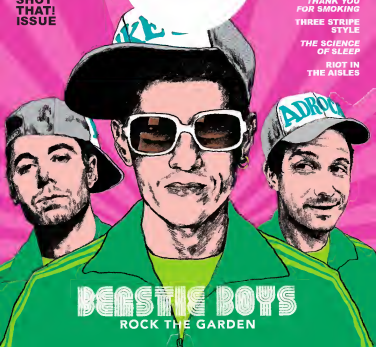
**BORN IN  
THE BRONX**

**THANK YOU  
FOR SMOKING**

**THREE STRIPE  
STYLE**

**THE SCIENCE  
OF SLEEP**

**RIOT IN  
THE AISLES**



# BEASTIE BOYS

**ROCK THE GARDEN**



MCA  
MCA

BEASTIE  
BOYS!

MIKE 'D.

"I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT TO SAY, MAN.  
WE'RE IN THE  
FUCKIN' GARDEN!"

I HOPE YOU THE NEWS 'CAUSE I'M  
COUNTRY MIKE!

LEASTIE  
BOYS

LEASTIE  
BOYS

COVER ILLUSTRATION  
BY PAUL WRIGHT  
WORDS BY BEN  
GARDNER

**CHAPTER ONE.  
IN WHICH WE  
DISCUSS  
AWESOME: I FUCKIN'  
SHOT THAT!**



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RELEASED  
7 July



Say hello to a new  
era of concert  
movies. *Awesome;  
I Fuckin' Shot  
That!* just got the  
party started.





# No bling, no bullshit,

no bulletproof vests, just three MCs, one DJ and 20,000 people losing their minds in the heartcore of hip hop. In the words of the Run-DMC, "This is New York City—we gotta turn it up a notch." What time is it?

Time to get it.

Welcome to the old school. Forget Sinatra and his wigband shoes, Aventura, I Rickin' Stat! There's a nuclear-powered house party of fat-lunged clunkers and three-stripe track suits. The spirit of the Bronx—a little older, sure, a little greyer—scrubbed up and let loose to rock the funk out of uptown Manhattan.





# But it's so much more than that.

*Austin Powers* is a denouement jackhammer of movie happy slapping: short, sharp, and out to make your ears bleed. This is a concert movie like no other – not just that, a concert movie to make all others obsolete – soaked in the twenty sincerity of a beer-drenched, front-row, fan's-eye POV.



The brief was simple: Three days before a concert in New York's Madison Square Garden, Atrick, Mike D and MGA (aka Beastie Boys, aka hip hop's first white superstars) put the call out on their website. They were looking for 50 fans to take a HD digital camera into the crowd and capture the experience of a Beasties gig. The only rule: rock out and keep shooting.

In a stroke they shattered the invisible wall between crowd and stage. Where other concert movies are a peek at privileged back-stage access, subtly reinforcing the distance between fans and celebrity, in *Awesome* the fans are the celebrities, each one a director of their own movie, recording their own unique experience. Whether screaming at the crowd, running to the bathroom, breaking for beer or just pointing at the stage and nodding, each camera became a wild point of energy, reflecting, capturing and expressing the power of hip hop hysteria, Beasties-style.

The electricity crackles off the screen like speaker static. With support from Mix Master Mike on decks and human beatbox Doug E Fresh, the party vibe of hip hop's roots reborn is irresistible. And holy shit, do the Beasties know how to milk it. In an industry of preening 'pimp' and glorified wrestler wannabes, to the Beasties, 'star' (use of 'business') is still only about one thing: a massive black party sport blown up to stadium size. The sheer magnitude of the performance is stupefying – from Mix Master Mike climbing decks the size of an Aztec temple, to the concert's delicious racial meltdown of "Shoggoth".

But there's more at stake here than one killer performance. What's refreshing and inspired about *Awesome* is how it breaks down the boundaries between concert and movie experiences, and re-imagines it as one, all encompassing whole.







At first glance, *Aweosome* is resolutely cinematic. Beginning with a postcard of gangster favorite Scarface (Gianfranco D'Amico), it plunges over the New York skyline in shiny footage, curving the borders of Hip Hop City into the whole world. Youth (under the pseudonym Nathaniel Horrold) spent over a year in post-production, filtering the images from 50 cameras, and at its best the result is a film that moves like a sound wave — building and rolling with the rhythm of the music, dancing across the noise in a fury of movement.

# At times it goes too far

— *some of the digital technology detected from HiFi's jugged party*  
But by the time you've noticed, the film has already cracked that fourth wall, lifted you out of your cozy seat and plunked your head four squares in the mouth pit. As Fresh spins his way through "Tucka to Get It" and the crowd roars it back in his face, you'll put the popcorn aside. As "Brazz Monkey" rips its way through a Rick Rubin riff, you're going to want a beer. By the time "Interpretation" breaks open the end of the world and the entire Garden goes deliriously insane, you'll be passing in a cup and throwing it at the front row. So the bottom line, as cinema and music join ecstatically together? Get at the back or take a nap.

Check your head at the door, gather a crowd, throw a party. Because *Aweosome*, I *Fucker* Shot That is what's hot, what's hot, what's hot. ■





Page must like Garden of Eatin'.  
Like a man who's full.

Based on  
ground on, worked out from  
the old map

Instantly  
includes the experience  
of watching other current  
series. Temple trouble for  
the future. Spot

**ON OCTOBER 9TH, 2004, ADROCK, MIKE D AND MCA, AKA BEASTIE BOYS, ROCKED NEW YORK'S MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. DAYS BEFORE THE GIG, A CALL WENT OUT ON THEIR WEBSITE FOR 50 FANS TO RECORD THE EVENT ON HIS DIGITAL CAMERAS. THERE WAS ONLY ONE RULE – ROCK OUT AND KEEP SHOOTING.**

**REGARDLESS, ON SATURDAY, MAY 13TH, 2006, LWLIES HOSTED AN EXCLUSIVE SCREENING OF THE RESULT AT LONDON'S CURZON SOHO CINEMA. BUT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY SCREENING. THIS WAS OUR CALL FOR 50 FREELOADERS TO WRITE 50-WORD REVIEWS OF THE MOVIE FOR PUBLICATION. TRY AND MAKE SENSE OF THE RESULTS OVER THE NEXT FEW PAGES. CHECK OUT THE FULL LOWDOWN AT [WWW.LITTLEWHITELIES.CO.UK](http://WWW.LITTLEWHITELIES.CO.UK)**

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LIKE  
WATCHING A  
PHOTOSHOP  
VIRGIN  
DISCOVER  
ARTISTIC  
FILTERS

IT  
A MASTERPIECE  
POST  
PRODUCTION

LIKE  
NOBODY  
SCRATCHES  
MIXMASTER CAN!

UNDER THE  
MESS OF SHAKY-CAM  
DEDICATED TO  
SOMETHING PURE

THOSE  
BEASTIES  
KNOW  
THEIR  
THREADS

AND MISSED IT  
THEY TOOK THE  
OPEN SHOT

CAPTURING A WEIRD SENSE OF COMMUNITY  
AROUND THE GIG AND VENUE  
BUT FLUSHES IT ALL AWAY  
BY BECOMING IT IN MONTAGENS BY THE NAME

POUNDS  
WITH  
YOUTHFUL  
ELECTRICITY

SHAKY BEASTIE  
PERFORMANCES

3 INSTANCES  
OF INNOVATION  
AND 47

SIMPLE,  
POTENT,  
AWESOME!

ILL  
I FELT ILL  
AFTER FIVE MINUTES

THESE DAYS  
IT'S NOT SO MUCH  
AID I ROCK

AS  
DAID I ROCK

DOES IT WORK?  
NOT SURE  
—THANK  
—COURTESY THE BEASTIES

IT'S GOOD TO  
SEE MONEY  
MARK BACK  
WITH

THE BEASTIES  
MIXING IT  
UP ON THE  
KEYBOARD

PATRIOTIC  
FRESH  
INTENSE

MADE ME  
FEEL LIKE  
I'D DRUNK  
LOADS OF  
ALE AND  
THEY BEEN FORCED  
ONTO A  
ZERO-G RIDE AT  
ALTON TOWERS

SABOTAGE  
IS AN  
INCREDIBLY  
END TO A  
TIGHT BUT  
UNDENIABLY  
SAFE HOUR  
AND A HALF  
FOR THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES  
I SAT THERE  
THINKING:  
"I CAN'T HEAR 1,000 THINGS FOR THIS SOUND"  
THEN I REALISED I DIDN'T

FUCK GREENWICH  
MEAN TIME,  
IT'S  
TIME TO GET ILL

HORN BLOWER'S  
RHYTHMIC REACTIONARY  
FEELS YOUR MIND LIKE A VIRUS

MONEY  
MARK DOES A  
HEADSTAND  
THING ON HIS KEYBOARD.  
AWESOME

AURALLY  
APPEALING,  
VISUALLY  
NAUSEATING  
AND  
ULTIMATELY  
UNFULFILLING

MADE ME  
WANT TO GO  
AND BUY

THE BEASTIE BOYS'  
BACK CATALOGUE

BY FAR  
THE BEST GIG  
I'VE EVER  
NOT  
BEEN TO  
DIAN VERNAN  
AND JONATHAN  
AND NICKAL-5  
AND

AN

AUDIO VISUAL  
WISH-YOU-WERE-HERE  
POSTCARD

THE WHOLE WAY THROUGH  
I COULDN'T STOP  
SMILING  
MIX MASTER  
MIKE.  
TECHNICALLY  
PERFECT

THE GOOD NEWS?  
THE CAMERAMEN  
IN THE CROWD  
WERE OBVIOUSLY  
DISTRACTED  
BY THE GREAT PERFORMANCE!

THE GOOD NEWS?  
THE CAMERAMEN  
IN THE CROWD  
WERE OBVIOUSLY  
DISTRACTED  
BY THE GREAT PERFORMANCE!

IN NO BEASTIE BOYS  
FAN-BUT IN A FAN  
OF THEIR FANS  
MIXMASTER  
WIK  
IS AT THE TOP  
OF HIS GAME

IN NO BEASTIE BOYS  
FAN-BUT IN A FAN  
OF THEIR FANS  
MIXMASTER  
WIK  
IS AT THE TOP  
OF HIS GAME

CAPTURES  
THAT ESSENTIAL  
AND SPONTANEOUS  
MOMENT  
THAT ONLY OCCURS  
AT A LIVE CONCERT

THESE ARE THE  
WORLD'S  
DOUG E FRESH  
I JUST DON'T  
GET  
HOW THIS FILM  
APPEALS  
TO A LARGER AUDIENCE  
THAN HIS FANS  
ACTUALLY  
ATTENDING BEASTIES' CONCERTS  
IS MORE  
PLEASURABLE THAN WATCHING  
SHAKY  
HAND-HELD FOOTAGE OF THEM  
IN CINEMAS

THE GENIUS  
IS IN  
THE EDIT

A FANTASTIC  
WAY OF  
DISPLAYING THE MAD,  
FRENETIC  
ENERGY OF AN EAST COAST BOYZ GIG

AN INTENSITY  
THAT  
HAS YOU HOCKING  
WHILE YOU'RE  
REACHING  
FOR THE SICK-BAG

MATCHING  
GREEN AND YELLOW  
THREE STRIPE  
TRACKSUITS. DAPPER

BROOKLYN,  
BRONX AND  
BRASS  
MONKEY

IT WAS JUST  
LOUD NOISE  
TO ME

LOVED THE  
BOGGLE  
MAH JONG AND  
SCRABBLE T-SHIRTS

IS NO DIFFERENT  
THIS FILM  
OF THEIR INDUSTRY.  
BEEN AT THE FOREFRONT  
HAVE ALWAYS  
THE BEASTIES

LOVE BEN STILLER OR HATE HIM,  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
RESPECT  
A MAN WHO CAN LIP-SYNCH,  
WORD PERFECT  
TO 'AN OPEN LETTER TO NYC'

FIREBORN  
SERIES THE GAMES  
AND PLANTS  
SPACE

AWESOME USE OF  
BULLET  
TIME CAMERAS  
FRONT OF  
STAGE

ONE LONG  
ABOUT  
OF DÉJÀ VU

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO MAKE AN AUTHORIZED BOOTLEG OF YOUR FAVORITE RARE LAPSET TRACKS DOWN BEAST LAND, ONE OF THE BEASTS' 40 CAMERAMEN, TO FIND OUT

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# TOBACCO DOCK JULY 30/31

**TOBACCO DOCK, PENNINGTON STREET, LONDON E1W 2SF**  
**SUNDAY JULY 30, 2006 10AM – 7PM**  
**MONDAY JULY 31, 2006 10AM – 5PM**

**[WWW.2BECONFIRMED.COM](http://WWW.2BECONFIRMED.COM)**



NuphonicProductions



*General:* Now each battalion has a specific code name and mission. Battalion 5, are you ready? You will be the all important first defense wave, which we will call Operation Human Shield!

*Chief:* Hey, wait a minute...

*General:* Now keep in mind, Operation Human Shield will suffer heavy losses, but *don't* lose your spot in it! Stay until the bitter end. Battalion 4! Right, you are 'Operation Get Behind The Shield!' You will follow Battalion 1 here, and try not to get killed for God's sake. Are there any questions, men? Yes, no silent.

*Chief:* How you ever heard of the Russian space Programme?

*General:* I don't have to hip-hip!

*Back Park: Rigger Longer & Deeper*

# CHAPTER TWO. IN WHICH WE INTRODUCE OURSELVES

### **Who Wants To Be A Beatie Boys Contender?**

**ANNOUNCE TRANSMISSION:**.....break thru sub. We are looking for 20 qualified fans to help us shoot the Madman Square Garden Show for our LIVE DVD on Saturday, October 9, 2011

#### **QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONSIDERATION:**

- Selection will be based on ticket/work assignment ONLY!!!!
- Must be 18 years or older and have a Social Security number plus valid driver's license, passport, or other government issued form of identification (identification will be held on a deposit for fees)
- Must have a ticket for Saturday night's show at Madison Square Garden
- Must have some experience with shooting a video camera (we will be shooting on HD)
- You will need to sign a release acknowledging Beatie Boys ownership of the footage that you shoot plus other required conditions
- You will have to provide a current email address and phone number for us to contact you if you are selected in order to receive all necessary details

#### **IF SELECTED, YOU WILL RECEIVE:**

- Opportunity to participate in a once live Beatie Boys production
- Second HD video camera, 2 lenses, 2 batteries, and accessories packet (to be returned at the end of the show)
- Call time and location prior to the show
- Upon successful return of camera and recorded tape, you will be entitled to a payment of \$125.00 (payment will be processed through a payroll company -- Payroll/tax withholding paperwork will be generated for each participant -- checks will be received within 2 weeks of processing)
- If your footage is used, you will receive filming credit on the Beatie Boys LIVE at Madison Square Garden DVD upon release

#### **HOW TO SIGN UP:**

- Reply to this thread with the BEAT NUMBER OF YOUR TICKET FOR THE SHOW
- DO NOT EMAIL OR DM ANY AGENT or MCD about this- If we get DM's or emails regarding this, it will be considered grounds for removing you from consideration- PLEASE JUST REPLY WITH YOUR BEAT INFO

#### **WINNERS WILL BE NOTIFIED:**

- By NOON Eastern Time, Day of Show Saturday, October 9th
- Individuals selected will be notified by PRIVATE MESSAGE through the board
- A list of Winner's Successes will be posted on the board



# Yes WE'RE OPEN

ROLL UP, ROLL UP. THE *LITTLE WHITE LIES*  
SPACE AGE WEB SHOP IS NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS.

HEAD ON OVER TO [WWW.LITTLEWHITELIES.CO.UK](http://WWW.LITTLEWHITELIES.CO.UK)  
TO CHECK OUT A FINE SELECTION OF MAG  
RELATED GOODNESS, INCLUDING LIMITED EDITION  
SIGNED SCREENPRINTS OF *LWLIES* ARTWORK,  
BACK ISSUES AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.



FROM THE DIRECTOR OF CACHE (HIDDEN)

"BRILLIANT, RADICAL, PROVOCATIVE...  
**IT'S A MASTERPIECE**"  
**FUNNY GAMES**  
A FILM BY MICHAEL HANEKE

**COLLECTOR'S EDITION**

**ON DVD JUNE 26TH**



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**CHAPTER THREE.**  
**IN WHICH WE**  
**DISCUSS THEMES OF**  
**UNCOMMON INTEREST**  
**INSPIRED BY OUR**  
**FEATURE FILM**



# HIP HOP A Bronx Tale

*Daddy Bones, editor of hip hop Bible  
Grandslam magazine, on the roots of the  
twentieth century's true musical miracle.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY

**Bones FM**

6 inch speakers

Vintage 50's

the famous 5

Seven Inches

DJ Kool Herc

BAMBAATA.

Rapper's Delight

It's often been noted that the most powerful music is born of suffering. Little wonder then that hip hop, the most influential cultural marvel of the twentieth century, was forged in one of the most desperate urban vicinities of the civilized world: New York's infamous South Bronx.

Since the business and manufacturing exodus of the '50s and '60s, the abyss, torn up, burned down, weakened of rubble and empty tenements was both played and policed by youth gangs. In the early '70s battling antagonists such as the Black Spades, Savage Skulls and the Seven Immortals spawned many legends and some of the very founders of hip hop.

It took an unorthodox American expert, one Clive 'Nercoles' Campbell, to take the first steps on his haphazard path from the ghetto. Rechristened as DJ Kool Herc, he threw his first legendary party in the recreation room above his apartment on Sedgwick Avenue, in 1977. Inevitably, his use of the turntables to focus on the most energetic breakdowns of his latest recorded funk, rock and pop records was a revolution. The area soon swelled into outdoor block parties. Herc would hook his four channel sound system up to a kingly god of power, his MC Coke La Rock, laying the crowds by rapping and regulating over the endless whirrings of crates.

Across the city, other crews of DJs and their raging masters of ceremony, such as the Furious 5, stepped up to compete. Through the '70s these jams gradually realized further as a prime pastime for the urban kids. Further diffusion of gang rivalry was due in no small part to former Black Spades member Afrika Bambaata. His tireless efforts in using the neighborhood heathens (he'd simply merged some into 'strong territory') with his boombox and tell kids to come to a show named their energies away from each other toward an oppressive city government. His eclectic organization, the Zulu Nation, has since steered participants from a path of self-destruction.

In December '78, hip hop hit the mainstream. Though not strictly the very first 'bad crew', Sugarhill Gang's 'Rapper's Delight' was the one that blew it.

Following a flood, a time also coincident with the New Jersey state election, the role of the DJ (as haphazardly as the very bandstand, three loosely thrown-together decks popped party rhythms over a recycled Chic R'n'B track out

by a pickup band. Big Bone Hawk even had the nerve to steal his lines from

Cold Chillin's Grandmaster Flash, an established Bronx MC. Nobody outside the city could have known or cared though. It could have killed off hip hop for the arguments, but it was a shining success, becoming the best selling 12" single then for and a new line down the doors for countless other crews to shoot their shot. Within days, Kurtis Blow mixed a deal with Mercury, the first to start to sign to a major label. His hop was going Downtown.

It was the Party Room crews that had started breaking down hip hop's wild new reinterpretation of music demanded a new expression. Disco disco, disco like the Hells would cut it. The new trends – no longer did in groovy blax funk threads, but fly sneakers and sportswear – were developing style, dancing, singing and throwing themselves onto the bins concede to show their prowess. Disco horns played incessantly huge battles. The Lincoln Center showcase of early '81 between the Rock Steady Crew and Dynamic Rappers was followed. Time National Geographic was there. A world looked on, stirred, it's truly staggering, when phenomenon photo kids throwing down in broad daylight – on Broadway no less – riding unruly steel logic, looking, freezing and spining on their heads to stands of chopped up breakbeats.

By '82 the cut was out of the bag. Street culture walked in Manhattan's Party club as gotten cuts, downtown punks and Village bohos put down together. They spiked minor media interest in the scene – now beating an arsenal of Jewish new electronic music back as Bambaata's pioneering 3-boy anthem ('Planet Rock'). I even had a solid, fully fledged movie in *Wild Style*. Everybody wanted in. To please urban youth pressed by punk DJ's etc, the exclusive realm of hip hop told them they could do it too. Two turntables and a microphone was all you needed. Within a couple of years hip hop culture was being created all over the world. It was often feared, but nothing could stop it. Not mockery, not the crack epidemic, not even corporate cooption. As has happened so many times before with a persecuted cultural thrust, the forces that could not be killed were brought, but they couldn't kill it. Twenty-five years ago it was fully banned, yet you couldn't hear hip hop on the radio or see it on a TV show. It is now, in its myriad forms, inseparable. ■



*LWLies salutes the flavor of a genuine landmark of '80s cultural documentation, and a cornerstone of the hip-hop movie genre. We talk to Charlie Ahearn, writer and director of the seminal Wild Style.*

Why does everyone get off on ripping the piss out of the '80s? It's regarded as little more than a conversational get-out-of-jail-free card, a decade where common ground is often reached through mockery of its artistic and cultural trends. On TV they've conveniently coined it 'nostalgia', but how many of you would think twice before burying a switchblade in the back of some skinny-jeaned fucker talking about how much he loves Rubik's Cube, the Beverly Hills Cop soundtrack and Classic Nouveau? It's okay. We all would.

Well, it's time to take the '80s seriously. Last the many spectators. Then stamp them into the ground. It was 1983 and Charlie Ahearn had just finished shooting a Super8 King Fa movie in the Bronx entitled *The Deadly Art Of Survival*. The same-day tape is chock with the director as he immersed himself in the burgeoning hip culture that was pollinating the scene. Ahearn became captivated by the public murals of notable New York graffiti artist Lee Quiñones and, while shooting the film in the area, he hooked up with Fred Brathwaite (aka Fab Five Freddy), a graffiti artist and rapper intent on spreading the hip-hop message to a wider audience.

The three decided to collude on a project that would incorporate graffiti, rap music and life in the South Bronx. "I was fascinated by the graffiti subculture," says Ahearn. "Specifically Lee Quiñones who was this kind of underground artist. I would call him more of an outlaw artist in the sense that what he was doing was illegal and he was anonymous to the outside world. When I learned, Lee and Fred were hoping to position themselves in the art world by painting artworks that would be shown in galleries, so that became the subject of the film."

*Wild Style* went into production in 1980 and from the off it was a film designed to document hip-hop culture with integrity. "We were thinking about a film that would give the whole spectrum," says Ahearn. "I considered myself a film artist, and I wanted to make what I thought of as 'street' movies." The film follows Quiñones (renamed Zoro) as he weaves in and out of clubs, parties and barbed-brownstones, watching people rhymin', drinking and doing.

Lee Perry (Nuyor's King) directed *The Inside They Came In 1972*, *Wild Style* captures the seamless combination of a dramatic, fictionalized story with realistic, musical performances that crystallize the spirit of the era and the type of people living in the South Bronx at that time. Though stylized, it remains an almost documentary realism. "I consider all movies to be documentaries, whether they're fictional or not," says Ahearn. "A Fred Brathwaite movie is a document of Fred Brathwaite dancing. A Marlon Brando movie is a testament of Marlon Brando's acting."

One thing Ahearn was sure of was that he wanted to focus chiefly on rap culture, and this meant taking on the epic task of reversing the brutal reputation the South Bronx had acquired during the '70s. "I was working from a viewpoint point you probably can't imagine. At the time when I made *Wild Style*, a movie came out called *Fort Apache: The Bronx*, which was about white police officers having their headquarters in the South Bronx. It was portrayed as such a sinister place, devoid of civilization and populated by mindless drug fiends who were causing violence to one another. There were huge protests at the time about the filming and the depiction of people. It was a misapprehension of the South Bronx which dated back to the '70s when the gangs ruled the streets."

WORDS BY DAVID JENKINS

# The Best of the Rest

As with many top-hop movies, his violence is put aside in favor of documenting the rich culture developing on the streets. "That was the image that people had around the world. People knew that the South Bronx was rife with poverty, and rather than shock people with the violence, I wanted to shock them by presenting a positive side to the area."

This association with violence was in part due to the graffiti art which graced the walls and public spaces. As vandalism and taggings went hand-in-hand with public expression and creativity, I deepened the rift between the culture of hip-hop and the socialised behaviour. 'A wageless lot of teen rockers moves from the 50s. Films like *John Willard* & *Cross* and *The Wild Ones* which are violent teenagers beat real life to other people and influence figures.' To an idea that leads back to that, and as with those films, you feel more inclined to side with the perpetrators as there is always the suggestion of ignorance on the side of authority.<sup>10</sup>

One of *Wild Style*'s most iconic images is the graffiti painted on the ends of the subway trains. Some may say it's a New York cliché, but it's become ingrained in the New Yorker's cultural psyche, and has grown into a genre of much-used cinematic shorthand for the frenzied "What people left saying to me when they saw *Wild Style* is that they were shocked at seeing someone actually entering a subway train. It gives them the feeling, Oh, this is how they do that... I'm not that bad! There was a big mystery about how these things got painted, as people outside the cinema thought that they were painted when the train pulled into a station. I don't know how important that may seem now, but to a certain extent it was a key element in creating the feel of life inside authentically."

So what's the link between hip music and graffiti? "It's a debated issue right to this day. A lot of people may have believed in it and Zephyrus and gone on painted buses. However, there were graffiti writers first and the hip movement the [late '60s/early '70s]. I wasn't a graffiti writer first and foremost. Almost every person I've talked to said that became something in his or her world; say that they had been to a '60s New York. In the early '70s, when you find that the people who were dancing were in graffiti writers. MCing developed some later. Graffiti writer Flash was the famous. We didn't even start and about '76 and they were really the first no group. The connection between graffiti and hip-hop is very much a common culture."

[illegible]

"There are so many different directions you could take a hip-hop move because the culture has developed so radically. There are other elements I would look for, but for me it has to include some true-to-life expression or performance."

And so we return to the beautifully disturbing, where many negroes suppress and the '60s were just an excuse for people to wear neon clothing. To the brave soul who chooses to sit down and write a true appraisal of the era, perhaps you might consider *NSA State* the subject of the opening chapter. ■

Produced at a similar time to *Midnight Cowboy*, this film concentrates more on the gritty aspect of the culture, and, with its recent deluxe DVD release, stands as another benchmark of the era. Seriously recommended.

A virtual re-make of *Wild Style* with the emphasis on performance over narrative, the centerpiece of which is a 10-minute freestyle battle in a New York club. While this scene is powerful, the idea of interlarding it with scenes of modern classical dance (read: *Cats*) is hardly enthralling.

Any film with obvious parallels to *Platoon* as one of its key selling points should be approached with caution. Anti-recessments will only be able to defend this film so far before they will be forced to accept its basic raffishness. Does exactly what it sets out to do, which, as suggested from the title, is not a lot.

A guilty pleasure, and then some, *Krash* Grove is the hackneyed, but undeniably great, sound of the geniuses of Def Jam records and the serious business of the label to create, Russell Simmons. Starred: Sheila E., Run-DMC, Koolha Biond and The Fat Boys, number one feasibility are negligible but this is still as enjoyable as the current pop.

into the '90s was this mockumentary chronicling the rise and fall of a not particularly talented hip-hop group, *Wah Wah Niggaz With Haps*. It's a successful *Spinal Tap*-style parody which injected the genre with some much-needed humor. Far better than the lamentable *Chris Rock* vehicle, *CD*.

# Fight THE POWER

*At the Cannes Film Festival in 1989, hip hop exploded into the movie mainstream with the premiere of Spike Lee's Do The Right Thing. LWLies gets the inside story of its conception from principal player, John Turturro.*

Spike Lee's seminal document of racial dynamics is an explosive cocktail of anger and empowerment. As the sun beats down on the multi-cultural tinderbox of a Brooklyn suburb, tensions among the black, Korean and Italian-American communities are set aflame by an act of police brutality.

The finale, in which the disaffected Mos Def puts a trash can through the window of Sal's Pizzeria provoked walk-outs, arguments and near riot in the seats. One critic declared it, "A call to racial violence"

In the year in which *Drawing Man* scooped the awards, this was a wake-up call to the mainstream. And while it may not have been a movie about hip hop in the sense that *Wild Style* had been a decade before, *Do The Right Thing* represented a creative peak of the hip hop ethos breaking out of the borough and into popular consciousness.

With a soundtrack by Public Enemy, b-boys, black nationalists and the recurring images of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, the film was rife with the talismans of hip hop - but it was deft with style and humour, and most of all with empathy. "Do the right thing," Mos Def is told, and for as the instructions are just as difficult: don't judge, understand, don't react, think.



WORDS BY MATT BOCHEMSKI





# Meltin'Pot

## THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS



***RUNNER***

***EMILIO***

***TINA***

***OTHELLO***

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HANNAN AND CHRIS COFFMAN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY  
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WRITTEN BY  
TONY GRISORD

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# BORN IN THE BRONX

SPICES TAKES A TRIP TO THE OLD SCHOOL WITH A VISUAL DOCUMENT OF THE EARLY DAYS OF HIP HOP'S MOST POTENT POP CULTURE PIONEERS

PHOTOS BY JOE CONDO  
[WWW.BORNINTHEBRONX.CO.UK](http://WWW.BORNINTHEBRONX.CO.UK)





When Johan Kugelberg first got into hip hop in the late '90s, he was blown away by its vibrancy, originality and flavour. Finding the roots of the culture largely overlooked, he decided to hook up his own collection of photos, poster art and the flotsam and jetsam of hip hop history. The result is 'Born in The Bronx', the first comprehensive visual record of rap's early days. Featuring the previously unseen photography of Joe Conzo, the exhibition is a celebration of performance, fashion and street life in the Bronx community of the late '70s ■









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# The Lost

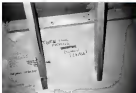
To *The 5 Boroughs*, the last Beastie's album, was a real winner. They went pure hip hop with it, and old school at that. It didn't make any nods to fashion, nor did it try and be too varied or experimental – it just slammed, and hard.

It was also the first they'd cut since 9/11. That gave it an interesting tone. It's a real New York record – defiant, but not in an over-patronic or tedious way. In fact, it's more anti-Bush than pro-America, and there's only one song that truly gets it up for the city. An Open Letter To NYC: "Brooklyn / Bronx, Queens and Staten / from the Battery to the top of Manhattan / Asian, Middle-Eastern and Latin / Black, white New York you make it happen"

All of New York's boroughs have done their bit in producing excellent music over the decades – and especially when it comes to hip-hop. The Bronx is where it all started, Wa-Fing are from Staten Island, Biggie Smalls from Brooklyn – and so on – the list is endless. And even if Manhattan hasn't had such a role in hip-hop, it has in just about every other form of pop music. Punk and new wave were Manhattan creations all over, and four fifths of the band that kicked off the recent post-punk and new-wave revival, The Strokes, were raised there.

The Strokes, though, are something of an anomaly. An irrelevant number of the New York bands that sprung up in their wake – Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Lame, The Fever, The Rager Sisters, The Rapture, Aerial Collective – had members that were Manhattan-bred (most aren't even native New Yorkers), and none of them lived there. Brooklyn took over – and particularly the Williamsburg district. A thousand and one bands came out of Williamsburg between 2001 and 2003, many of them very good. Manhattan, it seemed, had lost its musical muscle to the hipsters over the bridge.

Down there in the West Village is Manhattan, though. There's a record label that seems to be the exception to the rule: DFA Records, unquestionably the defining New York label of the decade so far. It's run by James Murphy – whose own band, LCD Soundsystem, is now as well known as DFA – and Tim Goldsworthy, a Brit abroad and co-founder of the influential Mo'Wax label in the '80s. James and Tim started out as a production duo and only considered starting a label after they came across a band called The Rapture. "James had seen them when they were still signed to Sub Pop," says Tim. "We thought that if we produced them, we could really do something special." The first song they did with the band – 2002's House Of Jealous Lovers – was also the first DFA release, and it was indeed something special: patent arms of the coming punk-funk explosion.



# Island

THE LAST BEASTIE BOYS ALBUM MAY HAVE CELEBRATED ALL OF NEW YORK'S FIVE BOROS OVER, BUT THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THEM ALL – MANHATTAN – HAS LOST ITS MUSICAL MUSCLE

WORDS BY JASPER HAMBOND  
PHOTOS BY PHIL KNOTT





Those were the glory days. "We were throwing amazing parties in this building," says Tim. "It was an exciting time in New York then – and for Manhattan. I think it was partly to do with the whole Internet boom. That was massive here. All our loser friends had these jobs that were paying them \$90 grand a year, and everybody was totally optimistic. It was like, 'Let's start a label' or 'Let's put on parties' and that was so refreshing after being in London at the end of the 90s. It was almost like New York had become the new Manchester or Seattle or whatever."

It didn't last. "The whole movement has changed in Manhattan a lot, even in the last five years," continues Tim. "There's the whole Cabaret Law, which is ridiculous – no dancing in bars unless you have a license. It's a citywide law, but they really enforce it in Manhattan. It's left over from the speakeasy, prohibition days. Rudy Giuliani switched it back on again. It has cleaned the city up, but it's been a disaster for artists – rents are far too expensive in Manhattan now. Everyone has been forced out. It's entirely possible that in 10 years, New York will have no new art or music scenes at all."

DFA have only stayed in Manhattan because, Tim says, they have a good deal on rent. But all of the people who work there – and all of their artists, too – live in Brooklyn. "Three years ago, everyone lived in Manhattan, but we've all been forced out because of rents. Even the Lower East Side is far too expensive now. It's crazy. When I first moved here, the Lower East Side was fun because it was how you imagined New York – there were crazy parties going on, you could buy drugs anywhere. That's how it should be because New York is a true party town. People do still throw parties in Manhattan every now and then, but not like they used to. It's such a shame. This is where disco came from, for God's sake."





Across the bridge, in Williamsburg, the eight members of It are finding eating burgers at a well-known diner before stepping out into the rain. Their rehearsal room isn't far and they're already soaked to the bone, so they wing it and walk. Once there, most take off their shoes and socks. All are quick to set up. They've got till the morning to work on new songs in this small, damp room but, come sunrise, two of the outfit—guitarist Mano and bass player Alan—are flying back to California where they live. The pressure is on. There's hardly ever a point when they are all together, hence their need to get things done tonight. The world has been waiting for their sophomore album for quite some time already, and the band themselves are super keen to finish it before their summer schedule, which includes supporting the Red Hot Chili Peppers in the UK, begins in late June.

It—say it as “clik, clik, clik,” or however else you choose—is one of the few for whom the tag, punk funk, is actually appropriate. They fanned out of the ashes of a couple of California hardcore bands in the mid-’80s, moved to the most part to Brooklyn at the turn of the century, put an excellent debut album out on Warp in 2003, and toured the world together. They also have members who moonlight as other New York-based bands: Tyler, the guitarist, plays bass in LCD Soundsystem; Justin, their bassist and sound engineer, and frontman Nic play in Out Hud.

Nic says they play and go to shows in Manhattan, but Brooklyn is their base and it's still an inspiring place to be, even in the aftermath of the band boom. “I don't think it's as crazy as it was when I first got here, but I do think that the city has shot out a lot of really great bands in the last few years and I don't think they're done. People are feeling this weird pressure to keep putting out the best music they can, and that's a good thing. No one is sleeping yet and everyone is still challenging themselves. We've been especially inspired by just being here, and getting where we are, and playing all these new places. And I still feel like we're on a journey.”

Manhattan may have lost it, but, for the moment at least, Brooklyn's still got it going on. ■



# intergalactic planetary

THEY SAY IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT,  
AND WHEN IT COMES TO GETTING UNDER THE SKIN  
OF THE HEARTIE BOYS, WELL, THEY WERE RIGHT.



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For many, the Beastie Boys are a kind of pop culture constant, casting a long but discreet shadow over the life of anyone who ever had to, say, do a rap in a primary school assembly.

No one ever needs them explained because the premise seems so blindingly obvious and the characters so easy to digest. Between magazine articles, concert reviews, LOO Best Music Kidz polls and two feature-length concert movies, it's easy to think you've got their number. You might even own some of their records. But in reality, they are a group about which our collective knowledge is high on generalities, low on specifics.

How come? Mike Diamond, Adam Horowitz and Adam Yauch are comedians whose careers and characters could be endlessly deconstructed and put back together again without ever really making sense; three white rapping New Yorkers, reimagined boogie boomers who have spent almost their entire lives in suspended adolescence. Who, aside from producing music that lends to either dance or dirty trends, manage to enjoy the fruits of their labour as precociously their own terms.

But then, it's the little things that add up, so here's a peek around the moments of Beastie Boy days gone by to see if OMLets can help you join up a few dots, get a few answers or just make you shell out for a few CDs. It's not the final word on the Beanieb, but what ever will be?

WORDS BY BEN MACHILL

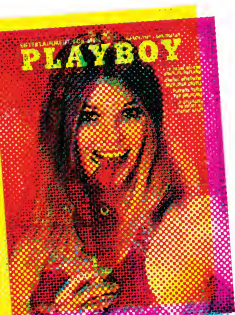
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL WILLOUGHBY





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**The Young and the Useless? The Young Aborigines? The Beastie Boys?** If the names suggested juvenility, the music, delivered at throat-searing volumes, defied development. As the '70s became the '80s, the NYC hardcore punk scene was in good place as my far middle-class kids to form loose groups and let off a little steam. Youth, Diamond and Horowitz had all done time at these hard-as-fist punk bands before the Beastie Boys began to actively rip in 1983, but it would be another nine years before they revisited the sub-two-minute mayhem they'd grown up with. Check Your Head (1992) recalled "Time for Love", which lifted its riff from unknown New York hardcore outfit Front Line, while "Piss the Bed" samples the Bad Brains, the all-Brooklyn hardcore punk-rock trio to the Beastie's all-white hip-hop "Yog". And don't forget "Sabotage": Welcome to the recurring world of the Beastie Boys doing whatever the hell they want.



**Back in 1984, fourth Beastie Boy, Kato Schellenbach, bumped into band mates MCA, Adrock and Mike D in a Manhattan club.** Finding

the wearing flesh matching addies sweatbands and tankers, she got in there, seeing there was no room for a female punk-rock drummer in an all-male hip-hop trio. Coming work by Def Jam supremo Rick Rubin who had taught the boys the backwards himself, and who quickly helped forge the skirt-clasping, freestyling posse.

But if the bad-cooked titles of their caged dancing girls and the lyrics of License to Ill (1986) came across like Sol the Sead from Ren DAC, then at least 1994's "One Shot" included a few retaliatory lines about how great women are, the reference being that, yeah, it was probably wrong to slack them in cages and spray beer over them in the '80s. A sure sign perhaps, but anyone romantically linked with Rick Rubin/Henry (the Adrock) can't be a total bastard.





**How many of the impressionable Beastie Boys fans that flocked to their maligned 1987 UK tour now drive Golfs, Polos or Passats?**

It would be interesting to know for sure, but it's probably a greater number than those who actually wrestled the emblems from local VWs to recruit Mike D's knowingly raffi medallions. One local news frame interviewing a confused build-own with a cadogan, mistakenly asking the Boys for his logo back. Even when you see a smug VW emblem on a mature model 20 years on, you still pray that someone is wearing it in their bedroom, living a bad and rapping along to 'Slow And Low'.

**Maybe it's fitting that the Larry Birds of the hip hop community should spend so much time rapping about shooting hoops.**

Though Knicks fans to a mix check Mike D's T-shirt in the 'So What? We're Here' promo, and regular props to Ruckerhookers like Anthony Brown and John Starks, it was in earth and Los Angeles that the Beastie's hoop dreams were realised, as they installed their own basketball court in the Neverland that was their custom @San recording studio, a former downhill resort to a plumbing shop called Gibaldi (the 'V' and final 'V' from the sign had long been off). Both Check Your Head and Ill Communication were laid down with two-on-ones between takes, and both albums have the pick of the b-ball references accordingly - MCA's 'praying mantis' technique on the court is something he'll never find of occasionally on ice.



Occasionally namedropping artists like Van Gogh, Cezanne and Picasso might seem a little smart-arsed for a rapper, but then if you're Mike D and your old man was Harold Garmson, one of the hottest art dealers in New York, maybe you're just doing what comes naturally. 2004 saw Mike's art auction off \$60 million worth of work by Picasso, Kandinsky, Mondrian and Leger, which is a lot of money. Adrock's pops Israel Horowitz also manages to crop up in *The New Yorker* now and again, earning his keep as a playwright and screenwriter—if you're in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in August this year, why not check out *The Secret of Modern Garmson's Rusty*, a play written and directed by Adrock Ser.



**For the Blighty-based Beasties fan, ignorance of American cable TV shows and commercials is the single biggest factor preventing an all-prevailing understanding of their work.**

You can wind up on basketball, you can sit through *Mad Style* (or even *Krusty Grooved*) and then download every song sampled on Paul's Boutique, but until you've seen *The Patty Duke Show*, tuned into *Televangelism* or become familiar with the advertising campaigns of products like *Mop'n Glow* floor cleaner or *Ultrabright* toothpaste, there are always going to be misleading lyrical clues to appreciate, but never really understand. Of course, in America, what could be more egalitarian than rapping about Joanne Louise Carter?



**Dominoes was the game of choice during the recording of *All Communication***, while Boggle was introduced during the genesis of *Hello Nasty*, prompting Adrock to declare, "He the King of Boggle/There is some high/ey! gets 11 points off the word 'gangster'!" on "Putting Shame in Your Game", while Mike D spends his in which beginning with the letter Q that aren't followed by a U for technical use in games of Scrabble. It's pretty great, but at least it explains why you'll be seeing the Beastie Boys perform live in T-shirts with the words Scrabble or Who's Your Favorite? on them. May no one say that everything about them was interesting.

**When the Beasties set up the Grand Royal label in 1992 to release not only their own records** but also those of their talented-but-overlooked friends and allies, who if have predicted that, within a year, it would have spawned the deepest magazine of the '90s? The mix, fill and catalogue of cool features and nested details that was *Grand Royal* magazine deserves a book of its own, for what could be more necessary yet missed than for these young millionaires to publish something with cover features that ran from Bruce Lee to the Mos Def synthesizer, disembody debates to legendary dub producer Lee Perry? Though primarily the baby of Mike D, nothing can give you a better insight into the world of the Beastie Boys circa 1993-97. Take features like "These stripes and you're in a history of adides," Number one with a misfit: our misassociated plan for peoples to stop doing the do that's here, there and everywhere; and "Koyak: iron warrior or the white Skiff? A tribute" Remains on topics like "The importance of call letters," vintage cinema, the women's NBA (covered by none other than Kiki Saellebach), Del Kiesel and pinball, and then get you and your friends from Spike Jonz to members of Parliament and The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion to write it all. Reverent and nostalgic, it was hardly ever produced on time, had a revolving door of editors, and was ultimately doomed to failure as commercial pressures mounted, prompting Mike D to say, "It really sucked" when it ceased to hit newsstands in 1997. It may have been the Space Goose of independent publishing, but — as with all Beastie Bay enterprises — at least they did it. ■





# FREE TIBET

THE BEASTLY ROYAL  
RUCKED FREE TIBET  
MOVEMENT BARRERS  
THE STAR WATLAD OF  
CELEBRITY SUPPORT  
BUT WHAT'S IT ALL  
ABOUT? AND WHY  
SHOULD WE CARE?

WORDS BY MONISHA RAJEER  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY PHILLIP GRIGWOOD

**Like a cracked whip, a red and yellow flag snaps in the wind while an unflinching consulate guard stares out over the traffic on Great Portland Place by Regent's Park.**

On the kerb across the road is a member of the Falun Gong spiritual movement – described by the Chinese government as an evil cult organisation. He's sitting cross-legged on a wooden box, arms out to the sides, palms down, his eyes tightly shut, and his black hair spiked out at all angles. Bicycles with three-letter number plates whiz past him. Cyclists stare down from the traffic lights.

It's the weekly Wednesday night Free Tibet vigil outside the Chinese Embassy, and the protesters are slowly gathering on the pavement. That is, the pavement over the road from the Embassy – the Embassy pavement is officially Chinese soil and no one can occupy it.

Carmen, an elegant lady with neatly-coiffed hair, immaculate eye makeup and a burgundy dress for coat hands out pink flyers detailing the Chinese government's actions in Tibet. A few metres along, a scowling, gloved man resembling Rinpoche in a bronze waves an enormous Tibetan flag and occasionally shouts "Free Tibet". Chen has been coming to protest every week since 1996. Serina, a dark-haired girl representing Students For A Free Tibet explains that despite the boy group of protesters their efforts aren't futile. "Tibetans and Buddhists in general have a great concept of permanence – they think that nothing is forever. Everything ends eventually, as will Chinese occupation." One example is that of Tenzin Delek Rinpoche, a Tibetan monk sentenced to death through letters to MPs and the Chinese Embassy, and through weekly vigils and demonstrations, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment.

Since Chen took control of Tibet in 1959 the authorities have stained the country with Mao Tse-tung's vision of Marxism-Leninism, denying the Dalai Lama his leadership. Soon after the Chinese occupation, mortar shells were fired at the Lama's residence and the Tibetan Cabinet urged him to flee the country. At dusk on 31 March, the Dalai Lama left his palace for good, disguised as a soldier, and recruited a small trusted group on the banks of the Nyicha River. He escaped to India and was granted political sanctuary by Jawaharlal Nehru, the Indian prime minister.

The Dalai Lama and his exiled government appealed to the UN where they eventually found meagre support in the early 60s. In 1989 the Tibetan movement registered more firmly on the global radar when the Dalai Lama was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for the non-violent defence of his people. It's clear that this same tranquility flows through the veins of his supporters – a plea for a demonstration on a Tibetan movement website states specifically, "Please bring a cushion."



Sosome Yingchen, a middle-class Tibetan born during the Chinese occupation, escaped across the Himalaya road 16 with the help of Buddhist monks, dodging Chinese bullets, wading through rivers and mudslides, her socks spattered with blood from the leeches covering her body. Enraptured and withered from the constant fear of being caught, she crossed Nepal, Dharmashala – the home of the Dalai Lama – and France, to Brighton where she now lives. She says: "All prisoners in Tibet have a terrible time. Usually their only crime is that they have followed the Dalai Lama or campaigned for Tibet's freedom. They may be fed heroin, executed and many are tortured and beaten until they are paralysed and near death, then their families are told to come and take them away so they don't die in prison. Sometimes they are shot and the family not only has to come and take the body away but pay for the bullet too."

Sosome is one of 1.7 million Tibetans who went into exile, leaving their hopes of returning home in the hands of others. Nathaniel Hornblower, aka Bomber Boy, Adam Yeech, ex-Tibetan refugee escaping into exile while snowboarding in Nepal and has since been involved in the Free Tibet movement. He started the Mamaspa Fund – named after a Tibetan saint who enlightened people through his music – and stages annual concerts that feature the likes of REM, Foo Fighters and U2, bringing awareness of the Tibetan plight to younger audiences.

With the growing interest in Tibet among Hollywood stars, rock musicians and other celebrities, the Free Tibet movement is enjoying unprecedented publicity. Richard Gere's organised speech at the 1993 Academy Awards, during which he called for China's paramount leader, Jiang Zemin, to stop oppressing the Tibetans, caused him to be banned by the Academy for bringing politics into the award ceremony. Sony Trailer's *Sixteen Years in Tibet* – the story of Austrian Heinrich Harrer, who tutored the Dalai Lama, and Khandu – which tells the tale of the Dalai Lama's early life and ends with powerful images of the Chinese invasion of Tibet, have helped tope membership of the International Campaign for Tibet.

Following the release of *Sixteen Years in Tibet*, Chinese authorities denounced Chen's "peaceful heroism" of the country. Sony Trailer executives responded by publicly distancing themselves from the film, hoping to preserve their future plans of expansion into the huge Chinese market. Ex-Disney CEO Michael Eisner followed suit, distancing his company from Khandu as much as possible.

Sosome's tale: "I'm angry at governments who keep ignoring the situation because they don't want to strain their economic relationships with China. It's up to us to keep on pursuing the cause."

The bottom line? Despite the cold, the frustration and the cloud of hopelessness, if sitting in 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, sports one monk his life, one mother a spell of gang rape and one child an orphanage, then the movement is worth it. ■

[www.thefreetibet.org/](http://www.thefreetibet.org/) / [www.tibet-vigil.org.uk/](http://www.tibet-vigil.org.uk/) / [www.thetibetsociety.com/](http://www.thetibetsociety.com/) / [www.ftuk.org](http://www.ftuk.org)



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WORDS BY DAVID MATTIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY REB LINDGORTH

FROM BEETHOVEN TO THE BEASTIE BOYS, THE TRUE MARK OF MUSICAL INNOVATION IS WHEN SOMEBODY GETS THEIR HEAD KICKED IN.



When the Beastie Boys touched down in London in the summer of 1987, on the eve of their first UK tour, it was into a frenzy of opposition. The tabloids screamed about a 20-foot high hydraulic penis and vast bags of condoms for backstage sex. Worst of all, they whined, at live shows the trio goaded crowds to riotous violence. In the House of Commons, MPs demanded the group be banned from the country.

Soon, their lives were ruined: a concert at the Royal Court in Liverpool landed in a hall when fans began to spray shots, smash the stage with flying beer bottles, and chant, "We turned the Beasties!"

Beastie-mania was a new act, for a while, shocking force in '87. But it tapped into a phenomenon that is centuries old. That is, the intimate link between new forms of musical expression and forces of social outrage and angst. From fist fights at the opera to punk sensibilities at the 100 Club, from orgasms at Elvis concerts to illegal road house raves, musical innovation has met, so often, with public disquiet because it speaks, so often, of controversial stuff we uphold. New music is, uniquely among the arts, a body shock. Let us pay tribute, then, to the musicians of riot.

Beethoven – yeah, that's right – increased eighteenth century Venetian society with symphonies considered deafeningly loud (think two tons of Neolithic death metal at full volume). But behind that radicalism lay an obsessive desire to rip down social convention. One famous example occurred when the composer was hired to play at a party hosted by Count Moritz Fries, the richest man in Vienna. It was the start of the party, and Beethoven was a few bars into a waltz when a certain Count Frederick Pálffy made a remark to the woman standing next to him. Now, it was dis-rupter in eighteenth century Vienna to treat live piano music as a background soundscape over which one should lay

polite conversation. But Ludwig saw things differently. "I did not play for such swine!" he thundered, before leaping up and knocking a glass of wine out of the nearest hand.

It was the gravest of social volitions – well, not quite as grave as when he labelled Napoleon "a bastard" – but the underlying message was revolutionary. Music was not subordinate to aristocratic title. Music was more important than aristocrats. Most was more important than both.

Over 200 years later, Jay Z's *Black Album* saw him music to explode stifling sexual mores. At the legendary opening night of his opera *The Fire of Spring*, at the Theater des Champs Elysées on 29 May, 1913, the perestroika scare – combined with post-Hindenburg chaos – saw the Paris crowd first fight erupted in the aisles, dancers strimed to leave the music over houses, and police stormed the theatre at the interval. It's little wonder Stravinsky wanted to rip up the rule book: in 1913 he was balls deep in a marriage-tri-ang with Coco Chanel and a strapping Russian Duke called Dmitri.

"Music has the power to shock because it speaks to deep-rooted instincts that other arts can't reach," says Charles Hartwood, BBC classical music guru. "And remember, before the iPod age the primary way to experience music was in a crowd. It's a form that's inherently tied to the communal."

"People like Beethoven and Stravinsky had an agenda, they were radicals. There's an argument that the real heirs to those men are the punks, the gangsta rappers, the grime MCs. They're the ones writing music that pushes at social convention, that engenders violent approval and outrage."

But before Johnny Rotten, Tupac Shakur and Koolhaas, there was Elvis. Forget the baren-blonde, shirt-sleeve bungee monster he became in the '70s, in 1956 Elvis Presley was the most dangerous musician on the planet. At early performances, female teenagers spiraled towards sexual hysteria, and broke down police barricades to thrust underwear at their idol.



# *A Night at the Opera*



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PHOTOGRAPHER **SAM JACKSON**

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HAIR  
MAKE-UP  
PHOTOGRAPHER'S  
ASSISTANT

MODELS

LOCATION

**FIONA DOWNIE**  
**SIMON IZZARD AT DANIEL HEUSHEON USING L'OREAL**  
**ZOE TAYLOR AT SOHO USING MAC AND ESSIE**

**SIMON TANG**

**EGLE @ BOOKINGS**  
**SHANE @ BOOKINGS MEN**

**THE HAMMERSMITH PALAIS**



PHOTOGRAPH BY **SAM JACKSON**  
(STYLING: HEATHER WHLEY)  
(MAKE-UP: DANIEL HEUSHEON)

MODELS

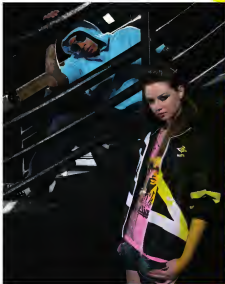


Photo by **DAVID LAKE** for **STREET STORIES**  
 Screen by **VISION STREET STORIES**  
 Artist by **LOVE**  
 Photograph by **LOVE**

Photo by **DAVID LAKE**  
 Screen by **VISION STREET STORIES**  
 Artist by **LOVE**  
 Photograph by **LOVE**





Shot inside by KIMBLE  
Furniture courtesy of MICHAEL  
Jungmann by VAN DUSEN

100%



**Breakout** Trained by Parks, James is a pro skater by all means



# Kill The Radio.

CULTURAL VANDALISM OR TWENTY-FIRST-CENTURY ARTFORM? ZWILFE MAKES THE CASE FOR THE MUSIC VIDEO AND CELEBRATES ITS GREATEST MOMENTS.

WORDS BY JAMES SPANIEL

Disposable, short and superficial, to their critics music videos are soft-core snuff accelerating the downfall of civilisation. The 'MTV-generation' is their lightly-shrouded insult against an era of short-attention-spanned troglodytes, unable to distinguish intellectual substance from visceral thrill.

Of course, youth culture has been accused of intellectual indolence since God got heavy on Adam for taking mind-bending fruit, but particularly significant in the music video's denouement is the suspicion of commercialism – still the supposed antithesis of true artistic expression. Product placements and the likes of Madonna and Missy Elliott's Gap

genre, industry leaders he wrote, only support the argument that the music video is a symptom of the gradual erosion of artistic substance and public morale.

And yet early examples of prime-time films from the late '60s—The Doors, The Unknown Soldier or the Beatles' tightly-framed Strawberry Fields Forever—demonstrate that the medium was pioneered by counter-cultural musicians. But it was the advent of video, which made films direct to street, sold and adored with special effects, that defined the pop product's unusual aesthetic, distinct from cinematic traditions, thank Bowie's *Isian Gene* (1972) and *Advers to Arise* (1982).

Following the launch of MTV in 1981, the subsequent few years would be a highpoint in the music video's history, producing a succession of iconic films including Frankie Goes To Hollywood's *Relax* (1983) and Two Tjebert (1984). A Ha's *Take on Me* (1985), and of course Michael Jackson's *Beat It*, *Billie Jean* and *Thriller* (all 1983). These video films that were made for TV, these were the films that MTV was made for.

In 1992 MTV began crediting the directors of music videos, an explicit statement that videos were more than mere aids for singles. Since then names like Jonyas, Godsey and Cunningham have become as recognizable as the A list of Hollywood cinema. Over time, 40 years the music video has ascended to the common currency of all art: to shock, to scare, to move, to make people laugh and to get banned. Recognition of its unique place as an art can only bolster its defiance against both artistic snobbery and mainstream conservatism. ■



# The Changing Face of the Music Video

## THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER: THE DOORS DIR. JIM MORRISON, 1968

"All hail the Americans right! What was that? I don't know, sounds like guns, thunder." A year after the Beatles' experimental protest for Strawberry Fields/Forever Lane, The Doors produced this — perhaps the first music video to have genuine artistic merit in its own right, and certainly the most explicit to that point. Jim Morrison and Ray Manzarek both studied film at UCLA, and Seidler demonstrates their interest in the avant-garde, with prodigious use of creative editing, swiveling camera angles and the stark juxtaposition of images. Morrison is ultimately torn to a pulp and shot, his blood dripping onto a bunch of flowers.

overlaid, wipewick cameras and shades dark enough to slow time. Maybe it doesn't seem as original now, but at 1994, it very didn't mean "The 100 Best 100 Best Shows." MTV even cut shots of a wife and a dunce being tossed over a ledge just they appeared past in the stories. Despite playing cool, the Beatles also sport empty shoulder-batters as guns would have fallen out of the carter. Proving his hip-hop credence, Beatle Adam Horovitz had to be replaced by Jason in the backseat of the car, as he was subject to "rape" shot at the time.

## BLINDED BY THE LIGHTS THE STREETS DIR. ADAM SMITH, 2004

For narrative filmmakers, Mike Sinner's work, with its poetic evocation of inner-city life, is surely a gift. But it also carries its own problems. In the case of *Blinded*, director Adam Smith was told by Sinner to avoid anything gratuitous and to change the setting from a club. The result was shocking enough for *The Sun* to call it... "Shocking." Its success largely rests on a convincing performance by Sinner, who is unsuspiciously adept at being off his tits while the transition is a tad too literal in parts — the blowup in the cubicle next door for instance — it's visually crisp and faithful to Sinner's poem, evoking a porning-fest, sex and violence in all their ugly, low-key

# Jaw Jerkin' With Adam Smith, director of *Blinded By The Lights*

**LWL:** How do you approach a song with a clear narrative? Do you set down and map it around the lyrics?

**AS:** It's different every time. Personally I like a when you submit the lyrics in some way. You're doing "This is wonderful because he's off his head," and then I have to head kicked in sort of thing. I wanted to keep the essence of the story. There was a line, "He thought he was drinking." It is not at a club where could it be? Thinking combinations of some sort suddenly thought of weddings I'd been to and how they were like a club in the end and also how it's an easy dance — at a wedding there's usually an incident or two, you know?

**LWL:** How was Mike Sumner?

**AS:** Mike I really wanted to push. I knew he could act really well, and I wanted to push him on that so I surrounded him with some good music — you're on top

there it's quite hard when you get someone to bounce off to react off it, makes it easier. And also, if you've got someone acting that will you kind of react to it. I had to get Johnny Harris who kind of head butted him.

**LWL:** Like the song, the video was controversial. Was that deliberate?

**AS:** The "Blinded" is tracking. It is quite a controversial song it's a song about taking drugs, and alcohol. The drug like said about the video was, "I don't mind if it gets banned but I don't want it to be gone out," and we talked a lot about the mundaneness of what drug taking has become, it's no longer the tripping drug, it's the thing that you end up doing like default almost. That's very prevalent in modern life. It's not like those experiences in Queens for A-Drugs, although I did get excited that it's the first time that naughty dancer had been put into film.

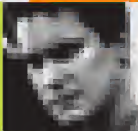
**LWL:** Is there a danger of being too literal?

**AS:** Yeah, it is show and tell. There's no hidden and I really like that obvious thing where people are saying one thing, and something else is happening. I think that's quite an interesting thing to do in pop videos.

**LWL:** What other videos have influenced you?

**AS:** I like the visual suspects — the primary arguer of Michael Gonsky, Jonathan Double, Glen and Chris Cunningham, they're the top boys. But I like to think I look elsewhere, otherwise you'll look like a pale imitation because they're brilliant. What's the point in becoming a cheap imitator?

See more of Adam's videos at  
[www.fatcaveagency.com](http://www.fatcaveagency.com)





Love  
your  
Label

*A L.A. Live review will not be asked and by any perceived rules. Just as movies are about more than the two hours you spend sitting in the cinema, our reviews are a chance to talk about much more than the immediate experience of the film to quaffers. There are many different aspects of the movie-going experience and we will embrace them all.*

#### Anticipation

Ever waited six months for a home-office behemoth? Read a book that you loved and nervously watched the adaptation? Been pleasantly surprised by an off-the-radar independent? Anticipation plays a crucial role in your reaction to a movie. Rather than ignore it, we think it should be measured and acknowledged as part of the movie-going experience.

*Marked out of 5*

#### Enjoyment

All other things aside, how did you feel for about two hours? Were you glued to your seat? Did the film speak to your soul? Was it sporting, disappointing, or just plain boring? Were you even awake?

*Marked out of 5*

#### In Retrospect

Great movies live with you; you carry them around wherever you go and the things they say shape the way you see the world. Did this movie take away so much every moment burned into your retina? Was it a quick fix action flick, good for a rainy Sunday afternoon? Or the first day of the rest of your life? Did you love it with a fury only to fall in love with a passion? Or did that first love leave you like a dose of common?

*Marked out of 5*

CHAPTER FOUR.  
IN WHICH WE  
DISCUSS THE  
LATEST FILM  
RELEASES



## UNITED 93

DELICIOUS  
LIPS

UNITED 93  
IS A CRASHING  
COMBO OF  
GREATLY  
GAMING, GARY  
GREENGLASS, PAUL  
GREENGLASS

### Ah yes, *United 93*

Believe the hype: half movie, half Nobel Prize. It sits there on the celluloid podium sporting its own breast-beats nobility, imperious to criticism, with stinky-cars on shoulder and 9/11 survivors guide in hand, delivering the details of the day of all days with a supposedly self-declared impartiality.

Go fasten your seatbelts, fade up from black and there they are: the survivors, dutifully saying their prayers in the early hours of September 11th; washing, shaving, spacing up and generally getting ready to crashily perleak in the desperate, unthinking and anti-human utilization of the modern peak-millennial era as we know it.

And there they are too: the passengers, tragically oblivious, busy and boarding in Boston airport. Surprisingly, bafflingly even, this lot is sprinkled with some

seriously stock movie-types — the sports junk, the old woman and her pills, the gay couple, the helpful waitress and so on. They will later, even more oddly, in true Howard Hawksian action-movie fashion, unite together (see movie title) as a single-minded team against a common scum-sucking threat.

Meanwhile, there are stock types on the ground too — in various blinking, bleeping air traffic control centres around the States, men in white shirts, ties, and rolled-up sleeves are weaving in and out of computer terminals shouting encouraging words, in the midst of chaos, like “Let’s go, let’s go! Let’s keep working!” And in these moments, when the loony fundamentalist shit is utterly hitting the unprepared and inexperienced Westerners, movies like *Airport*, *Pushing Tin*, *Apollo 13*, *The Merc 2* and *Executive Decision* crash their way niftily into this apparently

noble visual testament to that day of all days.

And that’s the problem right there. For despite all its rhetoric of truth and understanding and heart-felt emotions, *United 93*, against its better instincts, is just a movie. 111 minutes long. Arrives in film cems. Gets lights shone through it. End of story. In fact, this movie is more gleefully synthetic and movie-like than most summer blockbusters — the camera rarely stops moving, visual effects abound: the soundtrack is often intrusive, and some of the acting is ropey enough to draw undue attention to itself.

Most of all, however, *United 93* announces its own artifice by its very nature. By attempting to shoehorn a series of ineffectually and incomprehensibly intimate human moments into a relatively palatable piece of movie entertainment, director Paul Greengrass has

only highlighted the narrative film form’s limitations. Furthermore, by morbidly celebrating and relishing the actions of the passengers on this plane he has somehow attempted (perhaps unconsciously even) to offer the emotional linch of that day from one of profound confusion and fear to one of hope. And this, despite the honourable intent of all concerned, is surely bogus. Kevin Maher

**Anticipation:** Media hype: Relative to its genre: Angry 800 position: Reluctantly a must-see. Four

**Enjoyment:** Holy shit! It’s just like being on the real plane! Or, hang on a minute... One

**In Retrospect:** What was the point of this? Paul’s hat occupied out. One



**THE RING**  
by Nicolas Jiskobowicz  
2002 (R) 94 Min. Mexico,  
Spain, France, U.S.A.  
1.35:1, DVD

**Released  
5 Jan. 2007**

## It's not really

surprising that the Venezuelan government were pleased off by *Secuestro Express*. Literally translated as 'Kidnapping Express', the film portrays a society of rampant crime, polarised wealth, ubiquitous drug abuse and corrupt police. The result is that it has effectively been suppressed by the Chavez government. Despite this, and thanks to the support of Miramax, Elizabeth Avellan (Mrs Robert Rodriguez) and a few million Venezuelans, the film has freely received its European release.

While the film's themes are not unusual, what makes it exceptional is its stark, sometimes crude depiction of seething inter-class

conflict. As Jiskobowicz states in his interview with LWL, he was drawn to the subject of hijacking by its use as a vehicle for social justice. In *Secuestro*, this justice is dealt out to a young, rich, Caracas couple: Martin (Jean Paul Lencua) and Carla (Mila Mawardi). While Carla has a social conscience and volunteers at a public clinic, Martin is contemptuous of those less fortunate than himself, declaring that "bad luck is every loser's excuse". It is this colourless disregard for humanity, and the extravagant flaunting of wealth, that offend the film's anger. The couple are kidnapped specifically because they drive a flash car and rob their money in people's faces while they stare. Least the point isn't clear, the film's

closing states: "There are two options, you either kill the beast, or invite him to dinner".

*Jiskobowicz* is at pains to humanise, for all their brutality, the hostage-takers. This is particularly evident with the character of Toca (Carlos Julio Molina), an anti-hero who possesses a more powerful moral compass than social superiors and law-enforcers alike. That morality, not money, is the issue is further reinforced by the fact that he is a middle-class.

It's illuminating just how unusual and refreshing a film with such a clear and angry political statement is. While Jiskobowicz cites *Fahrenheit 9/11* as an example of American political cinema, that film attacked an

obvious and powerful target. *Secuestro*'s strength is that it attacks a portion of its own audience in that sense. It follows in a fine tradition that has sadly faded from First World cinema. **James Benille**

**Anticipation:** The film's difficulties with the government might make it a *canon colicore*. **Yes**

**Enjoyment:** It's not a pleasant ride, but it is a master-class of guerrilla filmmaking. **Three**

**In Retrospect:** Tough, dark and depressing but with an effective moral foundation. **Three**

## An interview with Jonathan Jakubowicz, director of *Secuestro Express*.

**LWL:** The film paints quite a negative picture of Venezuela, did you encounter any opposition from the authorities?

**Jakubowicz:** Well, you know, when we were making it, it was very tough because we did it right after the oil strike in Venezuela. We had about an incredibly violent strike and we had more security from those production crew. And we used gang members, police corps, kidnapping everything together. It was really tense, but it also helped with the performance.

**LWL:** What were the politics behind it?

**Jakubowicz:** We were completely neutral and were sending a message to the entire society. It was created by Venezuelans and people against Chavez working together but there's all this political tension going on in Caracas which makes people really afraid. And then the government started suing us, the vice-president said it was "a miserable film with no artistic value" which is almost a quotation from Hitler, and it's become this crazy that the government has chosen because the movie communicates with the masses.

**LWL:** To what extent is it based on personal experience?

**Jakubowicz:** I've been kidnapped but it was a much smaller and less violent kidnapping. I also have many friends who've been kidnapped. It's a very common experience in Latin America, and the story was based on research that I found from victims and kidnappers as well, because I sat with both sides. I thought it was really important to be fair, because it's not just a crime but a sort of vehicle for social revenge.

**LWL:** It's an overtly political film in a way that European films rarely are right now. Do you think you could make a film like that in Hollywood or Europe?

**Jakubowicz:** I think there's a huge privilege, an unfortunate privilege, of being a filmmaker in the third world, which as you can affect the masses of society with a film. I don't know if you can change the course of society in Europe or the United States with a film. However, I wouldn't see why it's not possible to make it in Mexico or the US when films like *Requiem for a Dream* have been created.

**LWL:** You've said that Latin America is approaching the Renaissance, what did you mean?

**Jakubowicz:** I think as a culture, we are approaching the moment when we either go into the barbarism and we become like a civil war-torn place and start fighting against each other, or we actually make a general decision by the entire society about what we're going to do to go on. It's either that or destruction. The only way to overcome mankind as a nation is to overcome ourselves. — *James Brinkley*

Check out the full transcript of this giddy and provocative interview at [www.littlewhite Lies.co.uk](http://www.littlewhite Lies.co.uk)



## DUMPLINGS

QING LI  
STARRING IN  
THE MOVIE  
DUMPLINGS

REUNION  
11.20.11

### Qing Li (Miriam)

Young is the wife of a wealthy businessman, high-society girl and former starlet desperate to halt the ageing process.

With her husband shunning her to devote more time and attention to local newscasters, she seeks out former back room electoral Aunty Mei (Ling Bei)

Mai is renowned for her prowess in the kitchen, specialising in producing age-reversing dumplings which rely on one mystical ingredient. As the film progresses the viewer is left in no doubt as to the nature of the necessary catalyst, as Qing has to choose between Mei's dubious culinary services or face losing her

husband to a younger woman.

*Dumplings* offers a close look at how vanity manifests itself in modern women, but it's also a shocking insight into the lengths people will go to to satisfy what Fruit Chen describes as a "psychological craving" to turn back the hands of time. *Ben Carter*

**Anticipation:** Pretty women eating each other

**Enjoyment:** Horrific but sympathetic. Three

**In Retrospect:** Worth being put off *Dumplings* for later this year

# THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

THANK YOU FOR SMOKING  
AARON ECKHART  
NICK NAYLOR  
THE COMPANY OF MEN  
RELEASING  
JAN. 10, 2003

RELEASING  
JAN. 10, 2003

## Aaron Eckhart turns

in his best performance since *In the Company of Men* as Thank You For Smoking's eternally-bankrupt, silver-tongued tobacco lobbyist Nick Naylor. Nick is on a mission to rehabilitate the public persona of the humble cigarette and make fags cool for a whole new generation of potential customers. He's a committed career man, but when he's not enjoying the delights of a nicotine fix to a classroom of infants, he takes the time to shag cute journalists.

A gift for an actor, watching Eckhart flesh out Nick's quest to quell the nay-sayers and get people lighting up, you realize how few film characters can truly be said to be eternal. The guy who takes as glib an approach to adding the painful cancerous deaths of millions as the rest of us do to checkily doing 30 in the 30 zone is a rare creature indeed.

It's worse really: given these kind of villains are far more common in the real world than your spotlight-hogging, bone-fide messiahs, Nick is the suit running Noodle the guy who didn't sign the Kyoto agreement, the shadowy figure who juggles off with the retirement money of a nation's pensioners. Nick meets on a regular basis with the other two members of the self-appointed "Ministry Of Death": Poly Beatty (Mena Suvari) and goad of boy Bobby Jay Bliss (David Koechner), who lobby for the alcohol and gun industries respectively and compete to see who can successfully tally up the greatest number of fatalities.



The MOO squad are masterful politicians. At one point Nick offers the cancer-riddled former Marlboro man and potential PR land mine a suitcase full of money, which he can either shut up and keep to help his family, or use to publicize his case: as Nick correctly realises, there are no halfway houses on the moral highroad.

But while you feel you should wag your finger at such naughtiness, the MOO squad's Mephistophelean gleam is fantastic fun to watch. Rather than tutting from a safe distance and preaching to the choir, writer-director Jason Reitman gets up close and personal with the devil, and the men in red is great company. Nick and co. don't enjoy killing for the sake of killing. It's not about the victims, the blood or the tears -- the deaths are almost incidental, merely a convenient index of power. As such, it's dangerously easy to overlook their actions, simply because it's always at one stylish remove from the consequences.

Grilling inside Nick's head is

an exhilarating trip, but Reitman provides further conflict in a couple of forms, the weakest of which is Kate Holmes as a scheming journalist. Holmes isn't particularly convincing as a Machiavellian back for whom the end justifies the means and the means involve getting one's ass away. Whether the inclusion of those legendary explicit sex scenes out from the past shown at Sundance would've made a difference, we can but dream.

Nick's other major obstacle is the opposition of the always-welcome Willem H. Macy as a liberal politician campaigning against tobacco. Macy gets one of the film's best lines: "The great state of Vermont will not apologize for its cheese!" as Nick executes a slippery turning of tables on other less-than-health-orientated industrial interests.

Hanging over the film like a storm cloud is the threat of Nick's young son Joey and his determination to learn about what daddy does for a living. You can sense the icy redemption moment

coming, where the corrupted adult finds salvation in the simple wisdom of a child. The cherry on top therefore comes towards the end, where the film follows through with the courage of its (lack of) convictions. If you're hoping for a big victory for the moral majority you might be disappointed. But just how good can a movie be where none of the characters really learn anything? On this evidence, pretty darn good. **Caveat chaser**

**Anticipation:** Jason 'son of Tom Hanks/Steven Soderbergh' Reitman makes a star-billed movie? But that's got nothing to do with who has study in... **Three**

**Enjoyment:** Reports of the death of American satire have been widely misapprehended. **Five**

**In Retrospect:** Slightly shallow, but if every film tried to be deep, we'd be drowning in Turgenev. **Empire** knocks it to **four**



## JU-ON: THE GRUDGE 2

When It's All Over, You'll Be Dead  
The Grudge 2: A sequel to the first film, it follows a group of people who are haunted by a curse.

THE GRUDGE 2  
July 1, 2003

### A creepy, white-faced

woman with long black hair emerges out of the shadows and starts to crawl along the floor uttering a spine-tingling guttural croak. Could it be another innocent punter finally cracking before the grim parade of *J-horror* wizzes-by? For every les who's enjoyed the rich feast of recent years, 10 more are starting to feel a wee bit overfed. Well, dear the palate because this one is really rather good.

**Ju-on:** The Grudge 2 is the sequel to a movie which was itself a remake of a pair of low-budget, straight-to-video films called *Ju-on: The Curse*. The latter films were remade again: this time with Hollywood backing and starring Sarah Michelle Gellar. Confused?

Don't worry, you're not alone. All the entries in the series have been directed by Takashi Shimizu, who appears to be spending his life rifling on the serial horror theme.

The plots vary little from movie to movie: the violent murder of a crazy mother and her child cause an ordinary house nesting in an average suburb of Tokyo. Anyone who comes into contact with the place can expect to be killed by ghosts. Got it? The films' low budgets put more emphasis on mood than gore, and the results in all fairness are pretty damn creepy and unnerving.

This latest sees Shimizu refining his craft, wringing every ounce of supernatural fear out of a lean plot that follows a documentary crew making a TV

show about the haunted house. The film is divided into episodes that flip forwards and backwards making it easy to lose track if you're napping for popcorn. The effect is disorientating but suits the movie's mood of darkly menacing surrealism. Shimizu is influenced as much by David Lynch as he is obsessed with Hideo Nakata, and he's learned a trick or two about droning music cues to ratchet those nerves. Despite a whiff of the faintly ridiculous (ewig that comes to life? G-kay), Shimizu is a master at attaching fearful significance to simple things, such as a stain on the floor or a thud on a wall.

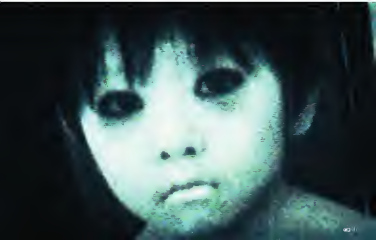
You'd be ill-advised to watch this movie without having seen the previous instalment, as

much of it will make little sense otherwise. And while it's certainly not the greatest Asian ghost story of recent times – that honour goes to *Ju-on: Kim's Tale of Two Sisters* – Kyoto's low, throaty growl is without doubt one of the most terrifying things you'll ever hear. **Just Ate**

**Anticipation:** Takashi Shimizu has yet to produce a full film. **Three**

**Enjoyment:** Starts as it means to go on with disconcerting scenes and a growing sense of dread. **Four**

**In Retrospect:** Strictly a movie for fans of Asian horror, but a good one. **Three**





## An interview with Laurent Cantet, director of *Heading South*.

**LWLies:** You've said that the first time you were in Haiti there were certain things you experienced that proved to you it was a country of particular violence. Can you expand on that?

**Cantet:** It was an experience in Haiti — in Port au Prince — in that there are so many people everywhere: walking, running, working, trying to get food. It was really shocking to be there without any purpose. I was here just like a tourist in a country where no tourists come any more. And you face such big poverty but you meet a lot of very understanding people and you feel also that the culture of the country is very strong.

**LWLies:** As in the cultural identity?

**Cantet:** Yes.

**LWLies:** Why do you think that is?

**Cantet:** It's built around voodoo and also there is this kind of paradox — they are very close to French culture and then at the same time they are a little bit distant. They don't seem to be too close to France because of the history, but then you feel that this paradox is very much for them too.

**LWLies:** Did you get the impression that things had changed between Papa Doc in the '70s and Aristide in 2004?

**Cantet:** I think things have changed really. Before, you knew, the soldiers could kill anyone with impunity and now it is a little bit more civilized. But economically things are worse now than they were during Papa Doc.

**LWLies:** How does that relate in the spirit of the people?

**Cantet:** You can feel violence everywhere in Haiti. And people together are very aggressive, but you have two levels: officially it was the time when Aristide asked for his money back from France. You could read everywhere, "We want our six billion francs back", and that was the official language. But when you speak with people in the streets it's not that anymore. Really I never felt in danger there.

**LWLies:** Do you feel a responsibility to engage with this violence as a filmmaker?

**Cantet:** I think I feel this responsibility as a human being, not as a director. All my film deal with social problems, with political problems, with relationships between people — I want all my film to be really connected to what I'm living right now. I think that that one says a lot of things about what's happening in France too. The question is, "what is our place in the world?" These three women are looking for a place which I think doesn't exist. You just create that place by keeping things, by proving that you are stronger than the others. I think when they arrive here they really just want to forget their situation. And the reality is, you can't escape what you are. — Matthew Beckett

For more Gallic goodness, check out the full whack at [www.thefilmstake.com](http://www.thefilmstake.com)



RELEASED  
11-11-04

### Let's get it out in

the open, *Little Manhattan* is about 11-year-old kids falling in love. And even though you're not taken on quite the journey you expect, like the man says — it is what it is.

So what is it exactly? In the end, it's just a few thoughts about love, particularly first love, that it can be mystical, euphoric, devastating and at times quite absurd. It ticks all the romance boxes but has a few different angles, and it's just light-hearted enough to be tolerable.

Little, one-time producer of *The Wonder Years*, has good old pedigree, and it's clearly

kept one eye on the zeitgeist. Hutchinson and Ray offer polished performances as the young couple but that's kind of the problem: at times their childishness fails to come through and these kids can't help but be grown up. Child actors, sometimes they can play anything but children. — Matthew Williams

**Anticipation:** A kid romance? Come on. One

**Enjoyment:** It might not be love at first sight, but it's quite amusing. — Tim

**In Retrospect:** Re-released date: Yes



## HEADING SOUTH

HEADING SOUTH  
New Line  
Heading South  
New Line  
New Line

RELEASED  
7.26.91

### Films like *Heading*

South create heroes based in reality, and often have endings without euphoria or satisfaction. What you're faced with is the futility of existence, and a wistful, almost embarrassing, nostalgia for antique places where beauty and suffering share the same plate.

The hero in this case is Legbie, a Hadrian teenager caught in the trap of sexual tourism, selling his body to find a way out. His maternal clients are liberal, middle-aged women — mostly Americans

— who find their way to Haidi to escape their liberal, middle-class frustrations.

Set in the 70s and shot unglamorously despite the beautiful setting, the film's dynamism of young boys servicing older women is both touching and unsettling, a world of fake gloss against a backdrop of brooding politics.

Legbie finds the devil in both of these places: the women seem oblivious to the cultural gulf between them, thinking they can whisk their boys away from all this

trouble. The establishment see no place for those unwilling to toe the line.

Still, the ironies are crystal-clear and very well-rendered, even landing on a tropical beach with dreams of Utopia would do well to see this searching film. The present reprieve is the recent rape and murder of Katherine Horton in Thailand, and a certain Gary hawking his five dollar fan in Vietnam. The tension between those with and those without makes *Heading South* both

president and uncomfortable, even haunting.

Anticipation: Charlotte Knapp's side mother scandalized him in her *Slit One*.

Enjoyment: *Uncomfortable* adult history lesson, with documentary-esque poignancy. *Three*.

In Retrospect: He willing to immerse yourself and reap the benefit. *Four*.

## CAVE OF THE YELLOW DOG

DIRECTED BY  
Bjambasaram Davaa  
CASTING: Kunkun  
Tosiyuu, Namsai,  
Jambasaram  
Davaasambuu

RELEASED  
10 June

### While the prospect

of spending two hours of your hard-earned downtime in the company of nomadic Mongolian goat herders might sound as appealing as muffling your night leg with a Stanley kiste, *Cave Of The Yellow Dog* will tempt many into considering a long break in Untermyer shortly after leaving the cinema.

Director Bjambasaram Davaa breeds the same dusty trail as she did with her 2013 breakthrough, *The Story Of The Weeping Camel*, delivering what is essentially a sequel to that film, with lingering shots of young children at one with nature and the constant threat of danger from an unpredictable climate.

The film itself is a Mongolian mixture of *Little Women* and *The Wellies*, about a nomad family whose young daughter, Namsai, discovers a dog with which she instantly falls in love but which her parents won't allow her to keep. It's rare these days for a film to dwell in scenes of such unadorned innocence, but the fascinating details captured in the tiny microcosm of *The Cave Of The Yellow Dog* will soften even the hardest of hearts.

On one level, this is a film which night-on parents will want their young children to see, but like all good family films it offers something more. For all the smiling babes, this is still a serious

examination of the effects of a disparate population, and the ways in which social isolation can often impinge on the development of the family unit.

But if *The Cave Of The Yellow Dog* is about anything, it's the death of tradition. The film radiates an air of melancholy as the family slowly succumbs to the pull of western consumer culture. Their eventual migration to the nearby town offers

an uncertain future for both the family and the culture of which they are a dying fire.

The only criticism is that it's far too similar to its predecessor, and while more fun to watch, it doesn't have the spiritual undertones that made *Weeping Camel* such a revelation. Nevertheless, it will still prompt bursts of uncontrollable smiling, so for God's sake, put the knife down. **Best Jambies**

**Anticipation:** Few these not put off by the title. *Story Of The Weeping Camel* was a great film. **Fear**

**Enjoyment:** Your cheeks will hurt from all the smiling. **Fear**

**In Retrospect:** Kark your legs. Mongolian goat herders. **F-TERR:** **Fear**



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# SHORT FILM SUMMER SCHOOL

12-15 JULY 2006



## THE SCIENCE OF SLEEP

**解題心得**

KENNEDY, J. A. JR.  
 National University  
 2100 University Blvd.  
 Chevy Chase, Md. 20815  
 (301) 951-2000 ext. 200

There's this rule.

Scenewriters are *de-novella* too, and even some short story writers. The rule wasn't the would-be storywriter that it's both very difficult and challenging to the point of futility to write a dramatic narrative where the central character is either insane, dreaming or on hallucinogenic drugs. In these states anything can happen in these states there are no rules – emotional, motivational or metaphysical. And without rules there is no drama. Witness the sense of weary resignation that sets in hellings through Gilliam's *Fear and Loathing* adaptation. Or the dramatic inertia of Durrell's *Some Waters*. Or the

entertaining, yet ultimately disposable dreamscape of Linklater's *Making Life*

Enter Geoff Garcia-Bernal's semi-hermetic dreamer Stephanie in *The Science Of Sleep*. Stephanie is a Mexico City transplant with high artistic ambitions working as a lowly copy-sifter at a grim Paris office. He tempts his new next-door neighbour, Stephanie (Charlotte Gainsbourg), who works in a paint shop and has a collection of ancient fluffy dolls. And he dreams. A lot. He can barely have a lucid conversation with his mother and her ping-pong magician boyfriend without drifting off into his own cluttered psyche, whereupon we're

director and former pop-prince underbelly Michel Gondry can indulge his seemingly limitless fancy for lo-fi stop-motion effects, kooky costumes and left-field visual references. Here, first, or even peering eavesdroppers, of Gondry's video work will spill roots to the likes of his *Seven Years' Itch* and Hansen's *Balance* comes through Stephanie's many, many dream sequences (while the movie itself occasionally, early shadows Gondry's similarly themed *Diary of the Dead*).

Of course all this really shouldn't work (see *The Rule*, above). There's little 'real' drama driving the world – Stephens

and Stephanie Felt they fight, they flirt again, she gets moody, he gets jealous, they fight, they flirt, then he falls asleep in her bed. Furthermore, their central relationship—which is the hook to the entire movie—has ‘slightly pretentious first-year arts students’ stamped all over it. “I love her,” says Bernad, thoughtfully, “because she makes things with her hands.” What?!

And yet, against water heads, better instincts and healthy cynicism, *The Science Of Sleep* somehow works. It's just broken enough, just namaste-like enough to overlay its own indulgences with a sheen of undefended charm. And it's just inventive and heart-felt

enough to overcome the stringent limitations of The Rule. Key water

Anticipation Break  
 KISS AT SUNDANCE: IT'S  
 like our Eternal Sunshine!  
 Can't wait. Post

Enjoyment... *Seg. 16*  
 this week! He's  
 dreaming and yet we can  
 actually see his dream!  
 And there's more

IN RETROSPECT- One  
For the DVD collection.  
Will never watch it  
again. Not shall, one for  
the collection all the  
same. You

**HARD  
CANDY**

Deborah C. Gorman  
Deborah C. Gorman  
Linda M. Gorman  
Linda M. Gorman  
Linda M. Gorman  
Linda M. Gorman  
Linda M. Gorman

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### Films about

protophiles. They're up there with being killed in the head and having your skin flayed off with a blow torch. Yet two characters, one house-and 104 minutes of charged human dynamics make *Hush*! Gandy so enthralling your eyeballs will run dry.

Sie's bold attempt to rugby-kick the label of pseudophilis subverts the stereotypical image of offenders as NHS spectacle-wearing knee-winders. Jeff [Wilson] is a fashion photographer in his early-30s who looks like he's just walked out of the new Armani Code advert. Jeff, blonde and tanned with cheekbones that could cut glass. Then there's Hepley (Page). Flat-chested cherub-cheeked and siren-like – the archetypal victim.

It is an arresting opening – a shaft of a courtroom conversation – the predator finds the victim online, they meet, the victim is lured back to the house, drugged, tied up and tortured – only this doesn't play out as neatly as you'd expect. Skelley's directional humor trounces the foundations of your preconceptions and brings a black and white subject with agonising grey patches.

Page and Wilson engage in a battle of emotions. Their vulnerabilities and furious psychological warfare prompt the audience's tongue-tied cheering to fall as they gradually begin to change. A strange role reversal takes place as Steele asks some difficult questions – should a person be punished for a crime they only might have committed?

The heat and energy generated by the often-admitted interwoven of Page and Wilson expose nerves in both characters that are so raw they practically bleed onto the screen. *Ward Candy* is truly a film of ferocity and electricity, yet simultaneously possessed of beautiful and energetic dialogue. *Monika Kaczk*

Anticipation. Needs  
 Glad to thank. One

**Enjoyment.** The mental equivalent of a car crash. Too

In Astronaut,  
Just incredible. W  
week! Page 4 in  
forefront. For





## X-MEN: THE LAST STAND

RELEASED  
25 May

CASTING BY  
JENNIFER LEE  
COSTUME DESIGNER  
JANIS HARRIS  
HAIR BY  
JENNIFER HARRIS

### The Golden Gate

Bridge isn't the only American icon stranded in the rubble of *X-Men: The Last Stand*. The only thing 'Extraordinary' about these mutants would be if the smoking run of their reputation can be salvaged in time for a fourth film. Let's hope not.

Not so much poking up from us repenting the plot of the first two films, *The Last Stand* sees tensions rising as a 'Cure' for mutants provokes civil war. Added to the mix is the return of Jean Grey – now called the Phoenix – a personification of Freudian passions and world-shaking power. Or so we're told. Mostly her job

is to stand around looking blink while Wolverine and the gang hit the headless chicken button. She gets to cut loose a couple of times in the movie's best scenes, but Ratner doesn't have the brains, interest or budget to do her any kind of justice.

So it's much of the same. Halle Berry and Hugh Jackson get in the way of the camera. Ian McKellen does his best (at as best he can) and the new faces (blue fur-bell Beast and armour-plated football hooligan Juggernaut) try in vain to register personality through the prosthetics.

All in no evil, because this sheer ineptitude on display is breathtaking. No, it's an insult to

everybody who pays to be stepped in the face like this. Ratner's *X-Men* is a convoluted of sleazebag filmmaking. From basic continuity errors and careless camerawork to a staggeringly wrong-headed epilogue that crystallises a key question: what the fuck is the point of all this bullshit? Derek Manders' Cyclops is dispatched with an almost subtle 'load off to Superman'. Mutant powers come and go, day becomes night, characters wander off anticlimactically for chunks of the film, the emotional pay-offs are signposted in neon lights. It's never-ending.

Is it faithful to the comics? Who cares? Sellotape a page to your TV

if you want to see a comic book come to life. As an exercise in the basic mechanics of filmmaking, *X-Men: The Last Stand* is a shambles. Forget Poseidon, this is the summer's big disaster movie. **Met Boomer**

**Anticipation:** 100000 comic superstars, but they've never really hit the heights on screen. **Two**

**Enjoyment:** Frustrating, annoying, pointless. Truly **Two: One**

**In Retrospect:** See above. **One**



## An interview with Jafar Panahi, director of *Offside*.

Along with Abbas Kiarostami, Panahi is one of the leading lights of the new Iranian cinema movement. Although highly regarded in Europe, his first two films, *The Crossing* and *Crossing Girls*, were banned by the Islamic Government of Iran. Panahi began his career as a documentarist – a discipline which informs the style of his more recent fictional work – and his films often question the ideologies of modern Islam.

**LWL:** What was your influence in making a film centered on a football match?

**Panahi:** I used a piece by a very famous sporting journalist in Iran about the history of women in sport. It was talking about how women weren't allowed to watch sporting events at stadiums in ancient Greece. There was a woman whose son was a champion sprinter and she wasn't allowed to see him compete, so she decided to dress up as a man in order to gaze upon him.

**LWL:** How was the film orchestrated? Was it filmed during an actual match?

**Panahi:** It's a kind of documentary shot in real time. Most of the scenes were shot as the game was happening. When you see the film, you can believe that what you're watching is actually happening.

**LWL:** Did this lead to a lot of improvisation from the actors?

**Panahi:** All of the actors I used were non-professional anyway, so it's not really possible to control everything captured on camera, even if a tight script was being followed. Most of the time I just left the actors to see the kind of reactions they would produce and then, based on that, I would plan the next sequence. When I was shooting the film, I didn't really know what was going to happen so we desperately wanted Iran to win to finish off the film, but we didn't know whether they would or not.

**LWL:** Had you planned for the possibility of Iran losing?

**Panahi:** I was just going with it as it was happening. However, the film was always based on Iran winning. Iran needed to score in the second half in order to tie the pace of the film, and fortunately for us that's exactly what happened.

**LWL:** The ending of *Offside* is different to your previous films as it seems to offer hope for the future. Was that intended?

**Panahi:** Yes, exactly. I wanted to show the hope I get from that game. Eleven players come together with different techniques and ideologies and characters, but they all have one goal. It's a metaphor for an entire nation. The children and the women in the film are all different people, but they all have the same thing in their mind and that's Iran winning the match. David Jenkins

We know you want, but if you want to, read the rest of this exclusive interview at [www.littlewhitefilms.co.uk](http://www.littlewhitefilms.co.uk)

OFFSIDE

With Abbas Kiarostami  
Directed by Jafar Panahi  
2006, 95 minutes  
Available on DVD

RELEASED  
5 JAN

### Form a mental picture

of the sort of person who likes to debble in the football film sub-genre. Got it? You know: bald, hoop-earringed Nazis in starved Sonettas, standing against a shelf of pirate Adam Sandler DVDs and antique Bersley programmes. Scam, basically. And the morose who make these films are no better: trotting out any old tat that'll give them an excuse to give David Beckham a cameo. Football films are shit and they know they are.

With one exception

*Offside* is Iranian director Jafar Panahi's follow-up to Kiarostami-permeated masterpiece *Crossing Girls*, and it revisits themes originally explored in his 2000 film, *The Circle*, namely the rough ride had by women in his homeland. This old subject is given a quirky twist by being pegged to the outcome of a World Cup qualifying match between Iran and Bahrain, and succeeds in capturing the expensioned cinema surrounding any important sporting event. The core of the film takes place on the outer rim of the stadium in a small, gated pen where an assortment of female restauranters are held captive as a result of their attempts to sneak into the male-only match.

On the surface it's a roughly hewn, spirited piece about the desperate plight of women in Iran, but deeper down it passes comment on the youth of a nation

ruled by a quasi-totalitarian government and forced into a crippling existence of mental displacement and unfulfillable dreams. Still, very swiftly using mainly non-professional actors, there is no shortage of scabrous social statement or scopic imagery here. However, it has the feel of a minor work and doesn't quite fit into the upward trajectory Panahi's formed with his previous two efforts.

But the Iranian authorities make it difficult to produce films in the territory (especially ones which question the country's dubious human rights record), and although one of *Offside*'s greatest virtues is its spontaneity, you'd have hoped that Panahi would perhaps have achieved more for the risks he has taken, and made a film that didn't focus on a subject he has already tackled. Although it would not be saying much to name *Offside* the greatest football film of all time, this can't quite a bad-look for the big man. David Jenkins

**Anticipation:** When Kiarostami Panahi's hit, he's real hot. Four

**Enjoyment:** Slight, but pleasurable. Seven. Three

**In Retrospect:** You may want to see more about a well-worn subject. Two





## DOWN IN THE VALLEY

STYLING: JESSICA WOOD  
GROOMING: JESSICA WOOD  
HAIR: JESSICA WOOD

RELEASED  
15 May

### Bored teen Tobe

[Rachel Wood] lives in suburban solitude, fights with her stepdad and needs a little spice in her life. One day, while watching a quirky cowboy pump petrol into her friend's car, she invites him to the beach with them—with the clear intent of letting him fill her tank later (she seduces him and is all set for a summer of sweet loving). But Hartley (Morton), the crazy cowboy (it's not all that he seems

Trapped between the life he wants and the life he leads, Hartley's frustration boils down upon him until he starts to come

apart at the seams of his cheeks. Down In The Valley soon starts to percolate around in all its comic fiery, with wonderful shots of Hartley enjoying Texas Riddle minor moments and slapping rough under his coat, while star-eyed Tobe can strike to wrong.

But their dew-faded romance of flowers, long pleats and free-form loveliness is broken to pieces by Hartley's own delusions of perfection—a moment that brings the film's misunderrated young lovers' protest to a screeching halt, followed by a handbrake turn that sends it tearing away down a slicker route

Wood, Hartley and Cullin are a dynamic trio with a touching sense of sibling love. But everyone pales into the background as Norton rises to the occasion and surpasses his own benchmark of versatility. Although the age difference between him and Wood is tangible, it's not starkly distracting and allows for Hartley's infantile nature to rise out from his core to be nurtured by Tobe.

Nothing is what it seems in Down In The Valley, with Hartley himself a walking apertion of anything anyone wants him to be. To Tobe he's a lover, to Lonnie an elder brother and a threat to Tobe's

main old Dad. But though Hartley roachets off each family member like a bullet from one of his many guns, it's clear that his surface destruction gently gets together. The spending cracks in the family Machine reject.

**NOTATION:** Cowboy film with a difference to last year. **Fun**

**Enjoyment:** Absorbing like a pair of popcorn. **Fun**

**In Retrospect:** Morton as top boss. Pushing brilliant. **Fun**



**...Anti Clone**

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**DUCK and cover**



## RENAISSANCE

RELEASED  
1 April

When Ridley Scott's *Renaissance* comes out, it will be the first sci-fi movie to be made in digital format. It will also be the first sci-fi movie to be made in digital format.

### When Ridley Scott

unleashed *Blade Runner* in 1982, he set a new benchmark for the science-fiction genre. His dystopian LA, swash with neon and devoid of hope, was a visually stunning backdrop to an impressive marriage of film noir and sci-fi penicillin. The result is a dark vision of the future by which — even now — all others are judged.

Twenty-four years later, Christian Volckman's sci-fi epic, *Renaissance*, also reaches for a new visual benchmark in cinema. But crucially, his imagination lacks the originality or the script to propel it anywhere near Scott's masterpiece.

It's Paris, 2054, and an improbably beautiful 22-year-old research scientist named Boris Tassiev (Gere) has been mysteriously abducted. The

giant multinational corporation Tassiev works for calls on Karos (Craig), Paris' finest but most disabused detective, to rescue her. With the help of Tassiev's equally-gorgeous sister Elaine (McCormack), Karos plunges deep into the seedy heart of the Rensien underworld to unravel what is fundamentally a not-too-complex conspiracy, while fending off random attacks from various shadowy forces and pursuing an unlikely romance.

The basic theme — a scientist has discovered something which an evil corporation wants — offers nothing the sci-fi genre hasn't seen a thousand times over, but Volckman's method, by which he shoots live actors and processes the resulting images through motion capture, will leave you breathless. This hyper-real Blanka

bestialisation is closer to the graphic novels of *Sin City* than anything else, too realistic to be classed as a cartoon, yet clearly animated.

But for all its style, *Renaissance* is little more than a pastiche of every sci-fi film you've ever seen. Any reasonably well-served genre buff will have most fun playing a pot the reference: the sordid, propagandistic billboards of *Synthetic Wars*, the futuristic take on '60s automobiles in *Glitch*, blatant rips from *Metropolis*, *The Matrix*, *Ghost in the Shell* and even *Tron*. At least Barthelmy Karos is a hero who's every bit as cynical and compelling as Deckard — albeit sporting a hoody and clipped eyebrow.

Visually, it's a delight, but where the tonal detail has been

gloriously stripped from each frame, substance is still needed in the script. Volckman apparently spent seven years working on the filming and editing of *Renaissance* and another year on the story. This may well be as good as he gets, and if that is the case, well, it isn't that bad. **A-**

**Anticipation:** We've promised "never before" attempted cinematic techniques. **B+**

**Enjoyment:** Cinematic eye-candy makes the sci-fi by numbers script easier to swallow. **B-**

**In Retrospect:** Looks like nothing you've ever seen, but you've seen it all before. **Midst!** **B-**





## PRETTY PERSUASION

SEASON 1  
23 June

WATCH IT: [www.bbc.com/1/mediacentre/2014/06/pretty-persuasion](http://www.bbc.com/1/mediacentre/2014/06/pretty-persuasion)

**Kimberly Joyce is** not a happy bunny. Her dreams of TV stardom have been crushed, her Beverly Hills school is a breeding ground for idiots and her musical father is a self-centred bigot. To make matters worse, her drama teacher appears to be a pervert. However, Joyce is something of a wanderkind, and sets in motion a plan that will burn her enemies to the ground.

With its 15-year-old coquette references to sensuality and racial slurs, *Pretty Persuasion* is not afraid to parade its tender-aged balls. The first half an hour is a rollicker satire on the cruelty of life in *The Hills*, yet underpinning

the laughs is a creeping sense that something distinctly wrong is afoot. Eventually the jokes dry up completely, until director Siegfried reveals his hand and the film attempts to evolve into straight drama.

By this point most of the characters have already been set up as caricatures – fine when you're aiming for pre-hits-floor shock value, not so useful when it's searching for poise in shallow waters.

The exception is Joyce herself, who fits between vulnerable child and nymphet super-brain, manipulating those around her like a high school *Kaiser Saxe*. Even

Rachel Wood does a remarkable job in juggling the emotional tugs required of her, peering over cracks in the script to give the film the spine it so badly needs. Serious competition for audience attention comes from almost-namesake James Woods and his scene-chomping impression of the daddy from Hell cheerfully spouting berbed one-liners ("I've got my thumb so far up your ass, I'm bowling with your ass").

Despite their noble efforts, watching *Pretty Persuasion* is a frustrating experience. For every joke that hits home there's a muted cultural swipe that tries too hard, while the few successful

moments of genuine tragedy seem out of place after hours of shock humour. It is almost as if two flawed but interesting films got drunk one night and fell into bed together, creating a damaged but likeable child. Much like poor Kimberly Joyce, *Pretty Persuasion* has guts.

**Anticipation:** Even Rachel Wood showed class in *Whorehouse Four*.

**Enjoyment:** *Sadomasochism*. Like a second-hand dildo. Ten.

**In Retrospect:** You'll wish that you loved it more. Three.



## CARS

Directed by John Lasseter  
 Starring Owen Wilson, Paul Giamatti, Michael Gough,  
 Don Rickles

Released  
 26 July 2006

### Choirs of angels

Like to the skies, a golden choir of angels: the hollowed vocals of Pixar have been thrown open and the world weeps in awe.

That's how it feels, anyway, as the Emeryville plants lead their latest offering out of the garage its predecessors – Toy Story, Monsters Inc., Finding Nemo, The Incredibles – are a flawless canon of modern classics. More to the point, they're a giant shadow from which Cars never truly emerges.

The concert must have seemed so brilliantly simple. Imagine a world populated entirely by cars – they own hotels, run garages, read the news. And they race. It's the climax of the Piston Cup, and Lightning McQueen (voiced by Owen Wilson), a hotshot young rookie, is in the running for the championship. There's one more race to go before his dreams of glitz, glory and primo-gasoline are realised, but on the way to the track, he's marooned in the Hicksville town of Radiator Springs, slap bang in the desolate dust bowl of Route 66.

What follows is, well, not

really all that surprising – an array of oddball townsfolk teach our young hero important life lessons and yidda yidda yidda he ends up a wiser, better person. But you'll forgive Cars its moments of predictability because it's such a sumptuous spectacle. From the subtly shifting sunlight drenching across the hoods, to the eye-popping virtual camera work at the mistakes Pixar have taken the bar and effortlessly tossed it away. Game over.

What's less easy to forgive is the jarring perochismism on which the whole enterprise is built. The sad grandeur of Radiator Springs stands for a whole generation of highway towns that were lost when the interstate cut off their life-blood: the flow of traffic passing across America's never-ending interior. But, as with NASCAR and its hitfully fan base, this is a peculiarly American milieu, rooted in nostalgia and (a strongly hypocritical) contempt for 'progress'. It doesn't travel well. It's hard to care about these people, and especially about an endlessly dull sport in which cars drive in a

circle for 300 laps.

And that's the thing: they're just cars, man. Finding Nemo wasn't a film about fish, anymore than The Incredibles was a film about superheroes. They went much further and touched on issues much deeper than a simple storyboard concept would have suggested. But here, the cars are very much the stars – lovingly rendered, beautifully designed – but the result is a film that's too mechanical to possess real heart.

Plus the concept is flawed. The idea that certain types of cars fill certain types of roles has too many consequences. Firstly, the most basic of racial and social stereotyping – from an inept, rust-riddled tow truck to the heroic and stolen Ford. Worse, in the absence of any explanation on the film's part, it seems fair to assume that the cars are born into the roles they perform. Sellye's Porsche is an LA lawyer. Presumably she didn't choose to become a Porsche after college, so she must have been destined to live that life. Equal but opposite, Mack, Lightning's 18-ton truck,

has been born into a life of backhoeing serenity. Yeah, take that, progress, we'll see who's boss.

Despite the humour, the attention to visual detail and an arsenal of in-jokes, these oddball stand-out because slowly but surely they break the spell of Pixar magic. Cars just doesn't work. It's a great idea, but not one that's as fully realised as it needs to be. Lasseter has described the film as a present to the world. Unfortunately, this time you're going to want the receipt. **Mark Kishorek**

**Anticipation:** It's Pixar, but then again, we'd have to be great. **Three**

**Enjoyment:** It's funny and stunning, but slow and predictable. And it just doesn't work. **Three**

**In Retrospect:** The stereotyping, the unnecessary and the lack of heart will stay with you like the smell of burning rubber sticking your nostrils. **Two**



36

EXCLUSIVE: Olivier Marchal  
on his new film 'Le Gendarme de Saint-Tropez'

EXCLUSIVE  
Interview

## Taking its title from

the address of Police HQ on the Quai Des Orfèvres in Paris, Olivier Marchal's 38 is an intriguing story of duplicity, vitality and professional rivalry based on real events he experienced while serving on the force.

Gaffo (Vincent Desaigne) and Audeau (slag it out as the heads of rival departments working out of the Quai – the desk jockeys of the BRD (Brigade de Repression du Banditisme) lead by the ethically ambiguous and sinister Kien (Depardieu), and the elf actor BRJ (Brigade de Recherche et d'Interrogatoire) helmed by the Dirty Harry-like Vireux (Audeau).

Both men are chasing a notorious gang, as well as promotion to commissioner. Intriguing plot layers hint at a former friendship now soured, and this hidden resentment simmers throughout a narrative tinged with betrayal and corruption.

Marchal gives full reign to his fascination with violence that can be unleashed at any moment. A barrage of intense action scenes

– including a hard-hitting belt intro and bullet-driven shootout – feel compellingly authentic and a scene of threatened execution makes John Turburt's plea to live in Miller's Crossing look like a pious in the park.

But look beyond the moody stunts, and *Orléans* unveils to a muted Depardieu seething with menace, allowing Audeau to up the ante. Vireux struggles like a Hitchcockian dangling man putting his liberty at risk and barely in danger, while his ruthless pursuit of an empty revenge offers shades of *Hush*. See the real thing before Hollywood pounces with a glossy remake. **Don Brightman**

**Anticipation:** Another exciting French thriller with big names. **Yes**

**Enjoyment:** La good cop and la bad cop fight up the screen. **Yes**

**In Retrospect:** Like the director – tough and uncompromising. **Yes**

## An interview with Olivier Marchal, director of 36.

**LWLies:** Was your passion for acting and cinema a driving force behind your decision to quit being a cop, or were you worried you might end up a victim of corruption like the main character in your film?

**Marchal:** When I was a kid I'd get into fights but I loved the theatre – acting kept me out of trouble. Later, as a teenager, I was obsessed by death and wanted a job that would serve some purpose in society. Sadly my naive dream of being a police hero was brutally crushed. The crimes I witnessed were so appalling I turned to drink to deal with the job. It was a living hell. I realised I couldn't work in that system and turned back to my first love – acting. There is a lot of my darkness in Vireux' character.

**LWLies:** Can you explain the rivalry between the police departments the BRD and BRJ?

**Marchal:** The front-line cops of the BRJ were seen as the glory boys by the paper-pushers at the BRD. But the BRD weren't putting their lives on the line. Thankfully, since the '80s, the departments work together.

**LWLies:** Did the film re-awaken any of the scandal it portrays?

**Marchal:** No, the police establishment decided not to put oil on the fire and made no comment on the release in France. It became a lead silence that echoed the past.

**LWLies:** Has the French police force changed in the past 20 years?

**Marchal:** Police work will always be tough. There are a large number of mistakes – around 100 per year – among serving and ex-officers. The administration don't work people to know them and offer psychological monitoring of those working on the front-line exposed to violence and risking their lives. **Don Brightman**

Blah blah blah. Check the rest of [www.itsallhisfilm.co.uk](http://www.itsallhisfilm.co.uk)

## DISTRICT B13

REUNION: DAVID BAILLE  
DIRECTOR, *District B13*, and  
STARR, *John Carpenter*

RELEASED  
11 July

### Remember that kid

who wouldn't sit still at school? The one bouncing off the walls in naptime? That's David Baille. And, essentially, that's a *le petit Garçon d'13* takes this concept of 'free running' turns it to a healthy dose of nose-breaking brutality interspersed with plenty of laughs. It's honest, unashamedly enjoyable action which succeeds through not over

stretching its abilities. Nothing here is one jump too far. From the opening sequence, the fluidity and pace is set. Liquid and unrelenting, the plot gently easing you from one thrilling set piece to the next.

Set in the infamous thirteenth arrondissement of Paris in 2010, Morel's law concerns Garçon (Baille) – an elite cop – and his attempt to capture an ardent ballistic missile, assisted by

former resident Leste (Belle), whose concerns centre around the retrieval of his sister. There's the drug dealing, wine-crushing boss Tabe (Macer), the uber-benchman K2 (D'Amore) and the drug-addled sister (Verissimo). There's a beat. There's a final battle. There's a film by numbers, retracing the ground of John Carpenter's *Escape From New York*.

But what the hell. Expect

Enter The Dragon meets *La Haine* and for 77 minutes you won't be disappointed. **Aaron O'Herne**

**Anticipation:** 10/10 Just gymnasium, man's got the

**Enjoyment:** Not quite Jack Bauer. **Three**

**In Retrospect:** Where're my trainers? **Three**





The LG Chocolate with touch-sensitive navigation.

**chocolate**





## BLOCK PARTY

BY MICHAEL O'NEILL

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL O'NEILL  
STYLING BY JESSICA ROSE

**J** So the four of us have just been to see *Block Party*. What did you make of it?

**K** To me it felt massively passé after seeing *Jamzone*; *I Picked Sixty Four*? And there's something a little condescending about it — hip stars return to give something back, masses prostrate themselves in awe... I might be being a bit cynical.

**A** They are millionaires. But the one that stood out for me was Wyckd talking to the kids at the end — when he said, 'You've got no excuses, go out and do it yourselves!'

**K** That was a nice exhortation to Dave Chappelle's constant 'You're a white man, therefore you fucking hate me' jokes. He's a funny guy but fundamentally just fuck off, you know, fuck you. Also at the beginning I don't think that any of the rappers were going to be able

to overshadow the fact that this is a Michel Gondry film, because that's so distinctive. But what was surprising was that he faded in to the background really quickly... I don't think that Gondry will have approached this with any great vision, other than to document what happened. Gondry let everyone have their piece without the film itself being a political statement.

**A** The bits for me that were successful were when they brought the kids in first spoke to them. The people in the corner shop.

**K** You can't like that.

**A** Yeah, it's all very well having a block party, but what did it achieve what led on from it?

**K** It was all from the perspective of the big stars. They were so desperate to portray these people as just like everyone else. But they're not like everyone else. Even

Wyckd, who is really good, but at the end he rocks out flanked by two massive flunkies. I don't have two massive flunkies following me around.

**J** If you are a fan of hip hop, a lot of the big guns are there. Some amazing artists.

**A** But are you going to watch a documentary or would you just rather have a straight video of the concert?

**K** Do you know what we look like? Perspective. I you're a hip hop fan but even so, none of us are from the motherfucker's hood. Maybe we're being a little hard on it. I watched the whole thing with a big smile on my face. I enjoyed the whole thing. It's just that I don't see what it's supposedly a 'document' of. I'm not sure how honest it is about these people.

**J** To make the film more memorable they could have used

hip hop stars who were more commercial. But they didn't. Every artist on there, while maybe not so well known outside of the hip hop community, had real integrity. For me, they all represented what I think hip hop is all about. There were no sell-outs there.

**K** I would have liked to have seen Rak Walker.

### Scores

**J** This really is the best way to score films, I just wish I could remember who came up with the idea so we could thank them properly.

**A** (sighs)

**Anticipation:** 2.5/3

**Enjoyment:** 4.5/5

**In Retrospect:** 3.5/5

## ELECTION

RELEASED  
LATE

When you're  
going to  
watch Election,  
you'll see Leung  
Kun and others

### Guns don't kill

people, trends do. And when it comes to well-known Hong Kong gangster flicks, they usually do it two-fold, guns blazing – bullets as bait.

So when Johnnie To, one of Hong Kong's most dynamic directors, and a veteran of over 45 films, steps up with a movie touted to be a landmark of the genre, *Penetration* drooling is only to be expected.

Prepare to have your blood lust disappointed: then, as *Election* is more interested in the internal politics of the triad society than it is in super slow-mo gunfights. In fact, the guns are gone – not a single firearm is seen in the hands of a triad, let alone fired.

Instead, To offers a stripped-down study of how the organisation functions and where its future lies. The election of the title refers to the triad society's search for a new chairman. But the competition between the two front-runners – the brash, intemperate Big Q (a brilliantly hyperactive Tony Leung Ka Fai) and the measured, respectful Lok (Simon Yam) – a perfect example of restraint) is ultimately insignificant.

What is important is that, despite *Election*'s sparse narrative and patchy characterisation (no doubt a result of To slashing his original three-hour cut in half), it's the precise lack of all-out activity that is the film's accomplishment.

Here, oft-churned conventions

have been deftly side-stepped in favour of a thoughtful exercise documenting the conflict between tradition and modernity within an ancient rite within Hong Kong society. To take matters further, one could, if familiar enough with the politics of mainland China and post-handover Hong Kong, view it as a binding political metaphor.

The corollary of this refusal to pander to the usual formula is two-fold. To's approach to the genre requires an audience to be familiar enough with his reference points to fully appreciate *Election*'s idiosyncrasies.

And then there's the feeling that something is missing, that To set out to achieve something greater than he actually managed

Characters drop in and out, and one in particular – Jimmy (an enhancing Louis Koo), a loyal supporter of a wronged boss – promises an explosive storyline that fails to materialise.

The unexpectedly brutal ending and a forthcoming sequel suggest To's awareness of the weaknesses. In what is otherwise an accomplished step forward for the genre, *Anten* is critical.

**Anticipation:** Inside  
fighting each other. Fear

**Enjoyment:** Enough to think  
about without violence. Three

**In Retrospect:** Just about  
all manner. Three





## LOBO

THE LUNATIC  
WAS THE  
"GAMING" LOBO  
FROM THE  
"GAMING" MOVIE

RELEASED  
1998

### Lobo was Spain's

second highest-grossing movie in 2004, and won a clutch of national film awards. It's easy to see why. While it might not quite carry the political punch of Spielberg's Munich, this is a fast thriller based on the story of a double agent who infiltrated Basque separatist ETA in the early '70s.

French television director Miguel Courtois announces his feature film debut with considerable panache, crafting a sleek vision of a country torn between Franco's brutal dictatorship and ETA's uncompromising terrorism.

Under Courtois' watchful eye, Lobo is a crafty shot, keenly constructed and stylishly performed. Eduardo Noriega, best known here for *Spain's Dark Eyes* and *The Devil's Backbone*, excels as Tame, a contraband worker belated by the secret police into penetrating the terrorist outfit.

Adopting the undercover name Lobo = Wolf = he becomes an active member of the group, gaining the trust of its leaders, and reaching the inner sanctum. But he soon discovers an organization split between militants willing to fight by any means necessary and intellectuals who prefer the belief box to bullets.

ETA's identity crisis echoes

Spain's own fractious politics. When the police catch one of the organization's top brass, a turf war begins between the secret service and Franco's brutal generals who want to eliminate whichever ETA members are still in Madrid—including, it seems, be Tame.

And yet, for all its slick and moose, Lobo's canvas is too narrow and its point too thin. Like Munich, it tries to plumb murky depths and dissect nationalist ideology. But unlike Spielberg's superior effort, in which every moment tests what the masses believe in, Lobo offers no such inquiry.

Indeed, with never sure whether Lobo's duplicity is rooted in his obedience to Franco, his revolution with Basque nationalism, or merely the desire to keep the handsome psychopaths coming. **—Joan Geiger**

**Participation:** Noriega as the sword-wielding, Spanish Muslim. **Three**

**Enjoyment:** Sleek and stylish, but ultimately lacking bite. **Three**

**In Retrospect:** A well-constructed recreation of a troubling period. **Three**

## An interview with Eduardo Noriega, star of Lobo.

**LWN:** Eduardo, how did you get involved in the movie?

**Noriega:** For the best time it wasn't a director who got in touch with me, it was a producer. The producer is a journalist who did a lot of research into Lobo and decided to do a film. He found a fantastic screenwriter and then called me.

**LWN:** What did you think of the script?

**Noriega:** I immediately knew that it was a terrible pain for an actor. Lobo is trapped like an animal between two dangerous worlds that are both much bigger than him. It's the story of a guy who's manipulated by the police, abandoned and then targeted by ETA. I didn't want to play a hero, I wanted to play a simple guy who wanted to be a hero. And, of course, terrorism and ETA are both important subjects in Spain.

**LWN:** Was Lobo's story well known?

**Noriega:** Yes, although I don't remember it myself because I was too young at the time. Older people remember it well, though. But I did a lot of research to get involved in the story and the present. I didn't want to make the cool guy, I wanted to get the essence of the man and experience his confusion, fear and frustration.

**LWN:** In a sense, you're playing someone who is himself an actor.

**Noriega:** Exactly. He's playing a role all the time. He's got to work his face and pay attention to every word he says, depending on whether he's with the police or ETA. I think it's amazing that he lived for two years among terrorists, with that kind of fear. I think you'd end up going completely crazy.

**LWN:** When people heard about the film, did anyone object and say you shouldn't be making a movie about ETA?

**Noriega:** Not really. But the producer had already been threatened by ETA because he's a journalist. They sent him a tape showing him how he was going to die. He decided to make the movie anyway. But we decided not to shoot in Spanish Basque country. Instead, we shot in French Basque country, as well as in Barcelona and Madrid, just as much there was any kind of trouble.

**LWN:** Did you have additional security?

**Noriega:** No, they thought about it, but the first day was safe, so they decided not to have additional security after that. But the producer had police bodyguards all the time. And although there was no real fear, there was something in the air. When we presented the film in San Sebastian, someone whispered as the car of someone from the production company: "How could you make a film about a Basque terrorist?" and when they looked around, someone was disappeared.

**LWN:** Do you have any idea what ETA thinks of the movie?

**Noriega:** No idea. The situation has changed, because ETA recently announced a ceasefire. But when we did the movie three years ago, ETA was in a bad place, perhaps the

lowest point of its history, so those men weren't that important to it. They had other things to worry about...

**LW: How** The film was very successful in Spain and won several awards. Were you surprised by its success?

**Noriega:** Almost two million people saw it, which was really surprising because films about ETA usually don't work. But this is a real story, about a real infiltrator, and was well promoted. So a lot of things worked in its favour.

**LW: How** Most British film fans will remember you for *Open Your Eyes*. That was another challenging role. Is that the kind of movie you enjoy making?

**Noriega:** I like doing different things, and don't want to get stuck playing certain roles. But *Open Your Eyes* was the best important role for me. I like controversial things and contradictory characters. We aren't black or white - we can be different things at the same time.

**LW: How** The hero and the villain.

**Noriega:** Exactly. I like a contradiction. He is against terrorism, but he collaborates with a drug-dealer. I love those kinds of characters because they are much more human. They aren't just one colour. It's interesting to play characters with a dark side, because the dark side is what we are not, but it's what we would like to be. And it's attractive to audiences too. *James Clapper*

For more of the same, hit up the full transcript on [www.iffmwhites.com](http://www.iffmwhites.com)

Photo by Sam Chikman



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# ★ THE BACK SECTION ★



NOTES AND REVISIONS



**MUNICH DVD**  
Take home all  
the horrors  
of the 1971  
Olympic  
murders (R)

**THANK YOU  
FOR SMOKING**  
The facts about  
dogs are pulled  
away by smoking  
your choice.

**KODAK SHORT FILM SHOWCASE**  
 Under \$2000 to \$10,000 to see right at  
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**FILMSTOCK 2006**  
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not music in Lanes. Web  
like rules. Grossing  
<http://www.filmstock.co.uk>

**NACHO LIMBE**  
US RELEASE  
Black Black does 'Funky  
Mexican-style with  
Napoleon Dynamite  
director, Jared Hess

**THE US INTERNATIONAL FILM AND VIDEO AWARDS**  
Pop along to LA and rub some with the  
great and the good of the film and video  
industry. Like you do  
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**MEMBERS  
OF A  
GEISHA DVD**  
A Classroom  
library of power  
arcs to keep  
for less than 20  
quid.

**SYDNEY FILM FESTIVAL**  
Sydney proves there is more to the Australian film industry than *Mad Max* with a host of cinematic spectacles.  
<http://www.sydneyfilmfestival.org>

**BLUES BROTHERS SPECIAL ED. DVD**  
Even more rhythms and blues, more rascals and less snow. Jake and Elwood

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**  
Super cool paper  
Birth date: June  
Museum is 52 ans.  
June 7th.

**THE DEVIL WEARS PRADA US RELEASE**  
It's about working for magazine vs. must be good

**NORTHERN HEIGHTS FILM EXPO**  
Filmmakers and film lovers can come together to enjoy some fine independent short films in North London.  
<http://www.northernheightsfilm.com>

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**  
A love far back  
the ladies and the  
gentle, Johnny  
Depp reaches 41  
on June 9th

**GARFIELD'S  
A TALE OF  
TWO KITTIES  
US RELEASE**  
Bill Murray  
Stretches his  
comedy muscles,  
written by Joel  
Grunberg

**LONDON FILM SCHOOL  
50TH ANNIVERSARY**  
The country's oldest prestigious  
celebrates with a host of gala  
fest and one-night screenings.

MONTH IN PICTURES  
★ JUNE ★



**HOME SERIES 1 DVD**  
Garry's great Glasgow EC  
action from the RUC is  
the DVD box set

**ANGEL FILM FESTIVAL**  
Children and adults at the  
festival's new last-back  
screenings of independent  
cinema

**PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN 2**  
Johnny Depp's  
swashbuckling adventure  
returns to the big screen  
through the new DVD box set

**THE SIMPSONS MOVIE UK TRAILER**  
The latest may help you decide  
if you're ready for the big screen

**BRITDOC FESTIVAL**  
Celebrating British documentary  
cinema, the festival  
will be held in London

**SUPERMAN RETURNS**  
The new DVD box set  
celebrates the film's  
10th anniversary

**THE PROPOSITION DVD**  
The new DVD box set  
celebrates the film's  
10th anniversary

**SHARKS ON A  
PLATE UK TRAILER**  
The new DVD box set  
celebrates the film's  
10th anniversary

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**  
John Goodman  
celebrates his 50th  
birthday on July 12th

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**  
All American singer  
Garth Brooks  
celebrates his 40th  
birthday on July 16th

# MONTH IN PICTURES

**RUGBY SHORTS FESTIVAL** Tickets for the festival are now on sale

of films: <http://www.rugby.co.uk/shorts2004/index.htm>

Source: [http://www.bbc.co.uk/1/health/2004/07/040716\\_angel.shtml](http://www.bbc.co.uk/1/health/2004/07/040716_angel.shtml)

# Del Pennnebaker interview

FEATURING ARTWORK  
FROM  
GARY BASEMAN



WITH HIS FIRST SHORT FILM, *OUTRAGE EXPRESS*, FEATURING ON THE NEW LINKSME *AMERICAN SHORT FILM FESTIVAL*, *DEL PENNEBAKER* TO TALK MOVIES, MUSIC AND WHY IT'S OKAY TO TAKE A CAMERA TO GIGS

Del Pennnebaker has filmed some of the more infamous of twentieth century music — Jimi Hendrix's secondary guitar work at Monterey, Dylan's pre-alley talk card song, and the moon-egg-depression of Bowie's Ziggy Stardust tour. Pennnebaker is so passionately about the musical marriage of movie and film, and his love of music from as early age

"Music was always my hero," he says. "When I grew up in Chicago the whole scene came was going to be Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Bill Parsona. People like that all come out of that Chicago scene. I'd been a child up and back, in a way that Chicago really swept with me."

From his first short, *Delvial Express* (1970), this love of music has been the driving force behind Pennnebaker's films. *Delvial* was a sleep Duke Ellington track to propel a film, capturing him from the window of New York's elevated train system. Years of whether a was sleep to see his music, Pennnebaker took the film to Ellington's office and showed it to him. He received Ellington's reaction

"That's great kid, now what do you want?"

"I just want to be sure that Duke Williams was going to come around and serve me for using his trumpet solo without asking."

"Oh don't worry, those guys don't care."

Ellington arranged for RCA to give Pennnebaker a copy of the song. Pennnebaker later learned from Ellington's son that he had been given the entire rights.

Having found *Delvial* Express to a camera for \$24 a week, Pennnebaker began making films for Drive Associates & Talk capturing greatness, he collaborated with Ricky Lawton as a legal, portable camera center that he would use until 1971.

"From that point on I tried to think where to go, not in terms of music but in terms of filmmaking — what you could do, and I guess I wanted to have

the film come alive, I wanted it to talk, you know, I wanted dialogue and I wanted music and to see people play. But I didn't know how to get it."

The opportunity arose in 1971 when Pennnebaker showed Bob Dylan on because of England for what would become the cinema. You a document movie *Don't Look Back*. Pennnebaker describes how his work at Drive Associates was limited to making TV documentaries which were dependent on location. *Don't Look Back* was his first opportunity to make a film that showed his subjects speak for themselves. He explains how all documentary has the same problem as drama. "From Shaw to French, they always have to find a way to get their characters on stage so you pay attention to them."

"I know from the very beginning it was going to have mostly talking, some singing, and a lot of songs. But the song writers' group is an instant all part, they were just going to show what Dylan was like when he



# PROFILE

## ★ PARKER POSEY ★

"Queen of the Indies" screamed *Time* magazine. "The One X-Acting Hypocrite" cried *SN*. Cheap tag, but Parker Posey is a thingy and a whole heap more. A smart thingy (she might be *Mean Girls* Approximated Actress Of Her Generation), but would prefer to think of herself as an enchanting character actress who always warbles in group scenes. Or perhaps the under-puffed of *LEAFs* division's Katherine. Parker Posey is a diamond in the rough.

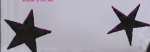
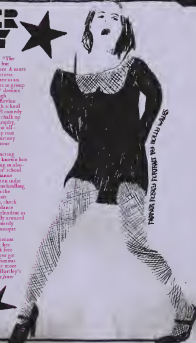
The Baltimore-born actress, named for '50s Revlon model Betty Parker, first came to fame playing high school bitch Daria in Richard Linklater's much-loved '95 comedy *Dazed and Confused*. From there she's gone on to chalk up more than 50 film credits in her scintillating bibliography, however most will know her—if they know her at all—for either playing Tom Hanks's girlfriend in shaky room-com *Two's Got Back*, or for taking over from Cate Blanchett as vibrant out-of-control in unnecessary horror sequel *Evil Dead*.

Posey's lack of mainstream success before an acting talent which has thus far been best used as little-known bit and off-the-wall character. She won the best thing in cinema room-com *The Rules of Attraction*, too cool for school beside the great faces of Jesse Brown and Julianne Moore. She brought a man and man to bear. Her screen indie chance like *Beats, Rhymes and Strips What My*, was overshadowed as *Rebecca Miller's Personal Velocity*, and closer to the muddled genre there was *100% Juice* and the *Pearlman*.

But if you really want to see what she can do, check out *The Mirror Of Ty*, for which she won the Sundance Festival's Best Actress award in 1997. Posey is replacement as the disoriented Jackie O (who can only get sexually aroused by reacting JFK's assassination), as a pit black comedy which was perhaps the perfect showcase for her unique confidence and artistic drive.

Her turn as Kate Winslet's, Lou Lucker's assistant in the forthcoming *Superman Returns*, should put her back on the mainstream radar and help her break free of the *Time* tag. ("Being 'Queen of the Indies' never got me a job," is her scintillating assessment of her most famous backhanded compliment.) Although we're not sure more excited about her appearance in *Fel's Gross*, Bill Harty's highly anticipated sequel to '97 rock classic *Mean Jane's Alone Forever*.

PARKER POSEY FIGHTING FOR BUCKLE UP





## THIS THE ISSUE: VIKING GENRE

And I had grown up as Sam the Fairy of the Northwoods." It was baneful, of course, further additions to the "Lord's Prayer" issued by Cowie. Within over the opening of *The Firm* should have been a warning to all. That film, directed by the recently departed Richard Fleischer, in a clever compass, for the most part, a thousand years after the hairy Scots (Shelagh Barker) she was one popular misconception, they were all bearing misery to detestors, proud and all, millions of innocent people were

The subject matter should have been a gall – violence, drinking, rape (including incest), fat, vomit, sex, serving us a rather ill considered menu – such are the things from which manure has not made. So why have so many of the great and not so good wrecked themselves on the rocks of the Viking menu?

Salary Pinner had a lucky escape from *The Long Ride* in which he played a Muslim priest on a James Brown wry, villain to Richard Widmark's convulsed KKKer hero. His plan to cover his father with a brass

[illegible]

But it was a dash before the full-blown confusion of the toughest back would be fulfilled. Lee Majors managed to plumb the depths of both the game and his own career — quite an achievement for a man whose CV includes TV movie *The Great Gatsby* — with the jaw-droppingly ill-timed *The Nerve Game*. It was 1971 and while Americans fared up to its painful remnant with *The Ever After* and *Country Home*, Majors and director/writer Charles B. Frazier had the courage to ask the question: what if he would, who would was in a scene between *Johnny* and *Red* (and it

A spiritual plan involving a kidnapped Norse chieftain and some Nordic-borne women in the shape of Vase Götting provides an excuse for Mjölnir and his men to dish around a well-managed war debate, purely by the length of a girl's hair, winning a victory for some in the war charts. If the director's intention was to provide debate, he succeeded — aren't their language really just music boxes? Norse men! Norsemen too really? No! *Black metal*! Why is that? Making winning a victory? Why are we watching that?

Barney dived at whatever beck and call of Skol Ops and aided a new wave of host 70's *Mind & The Top of The World* edis on the old Lee West arena of a bathhouse arena. There's some spectacular charisma, first coming, with the honorable exception of Donald Sutherland, incoherently sincere that this was to be his last screen moment before the second purgatory of *River The Peace* through the finisher for good. His previous chapter Edwidge's structural emblem as to amorphous expedition to the Arctic, naturally succumbed a perfectly preserved stage costume.

While lights, crashing water and smoky Morse remain on, I nervously descend by the kind of glided-up fixed bar not seen upon any *Shore* and *Donner's* things are, of course, only and badly for almost everyone. Maybe because Robert Morrison wasn't the strongest choice to handle *Shoreland*, but he clearly saw this as a chance to get back after his 1948 hit *The Love Bug*, thus losing the later scenes with a psychotic madman not entirely appropriate for the young, drug-smoking boys and girls at Saturday morning cinema.

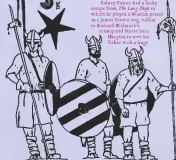
THE  
SAGA  
CONTINUES

**THE 13TH WARRIOR**  
Spies on the *Street* myth with Antonio Banderas as a banished Arab coming to the aid of a Viking community tormented by the cleverly named Wendol.

**THE WAR LORD**  
 Charlton Heston gets some good  
 experience as an unusually  
 plodding medieval romance

**BEDWOLF & GRENDL**  
Good-looking 2005 telling  
of the Anglo-Saxon legend  
starring Sirah Puley and Seelan  
Shanmugan that gives the world a  
break. Inexplicably underused  
in the UK.

**ERIN, THE VIKING**  
That's quite enough



# ★ A BLUFFER'S GUIDE ★ ★ TO ★ ★ GETTING YOUR SHORT ONLINE ★

WANT YOUR MOVIE AS AN EMBED  
ATTACHMENT? NIDN REVEALS ALL.

## GETTING STARTED

First, you'll need a copy of your film in an uncompressed digital format — i.e. (Audio Video Interleave) or .avi (Quicktime Movie) are probably the best to go for. If your finished short is out of focus, you'll need to get it transferred. Be careful here, since some transfer services will just dump your footage onto a DVD in a comparatively poor picture quality. You need a "major" high resolution master of your film — check out the links below for more help with this.

## OPTION 1: DO IT YOURSELF

If you're not interested about hosting films on your own website, you'll have to put your hands dirty with some technical fiddling. You need to compress your short to a manageable size, otherwise it will take hours for people to access your work. Most video editing packages come bundled with compression software — Final Cut Studio has an excellent compressor — but there are also cheap alternatives available online if needed. Getting the right balance between size and picture quality can be tricky, if you get stuck try a combination of iHD and x264 using iMux, one of the more popular codes on the net.

To actually get your film online you'll need to sign up, you must work with a stream or service provider — such as RealNetworks or Apple Quicktime — who will essentially encode your short for broadcast via a portal on your website. You'll need to make sure that the film's size (the amount of data per second, at your video's play rate) is lower than the connection speed of your target audience. For example, if you think that most visitors to your site will be using 256k broadband, set your film to stream at around 200 kbps (kilo-bits per second). This will ensure a smooth viewing experience for your guests.

## OPTION 2: GET SOMEONE ELSE TO HOST YOUR FILM

As with many things in life, the easiest path is to get someone else to do the hard work. There are veritable plinths of plum online who will host your movie for free, and as most services are web, I merely ask that you put them a copy of your digital master on disc or Mini DV tape. They will then format your film for online viewing, spare you the hassle of wrestling with compression rates. Your short may have to go for a version a few kbps smaller, but at least it should be viewed in a regular audience. Just make sure you read the small print regarding who owns the rights to submitted content.

## WHERE TO SUBMIT YOUR FILM (AND CHECK OUT THE COMPETITION)

### THE TRIGGERFISH AWARDS

Set up by Kevin Spacey in 2001, Triggerfish awards itself "the web-based filmmaker and screenwriter's community of record". It's currently a unique-looking beast, with a huge selection of films and a busy, informative forum. You'll need to contribute a couple of reviews to the site before you can upload your work — good for you in the spirit of the whole venture.

### THE MUSEUM OF MOVIES

While the site isn't as little bladed, Museum offers you the chance to actually make money from your latest offerings. Films are sold at \$1.99 a pop, with half of every sale going into the director's Pay Per View account. Now all you need is something people might actually want to watch.

### WWW.YOUTUBE.COM

Wipe away that smear. YouTube may be a horror for the die-hard videomaniacs that cling up your inbox, but it's also a doorway to one of the biggest audiences on the Internet. Everything from home videos to illegal music clips can be found here, a copy can be the closest place to display your art, but if your film gains a following, then widespread notoriety could be yours.

### WWW.AFFLIX.COM

Confusing presentations in the early days, an otherwise excellent concept — the world's first online film festival. \$10 buys a six-month pass to view all the content, made available in a range of options over your broadband connection. The selection for 2006 should be available soon, along with details for entering next year's competition.

## OTHER USEFUL LINKS

### WWW.STREAMINGMEDIAHOWTO.COM

An invaluable guide to setting up streaming video on your website.

### http://www.film-in-video.com/

A DVD-based film transfer service with technical advice on converting to a web link.





For anyone who cares about short film, the Cinema 16 series is essential. It provides recognition, with a festival, that many of our most celebrated directors shared flashes of brilliance in their earliest work. But while that might seem a first time director's collection, this demonstrates that only a few masters of film, often shot on a single day, can be a source of timeless beauty.

The latest Cinema 16 DVD focuses on the work of American directors, obviously representing both landmark films by now major directors, and recent newcomers. Like the collections that have appeared before it, it also boasts two masterworks, usually by the director. This animation guiding film is a surprisingly political short by a young University of Southern California student named George Lucas. "He was great," says Luke Morte, producer of the series. "It just goes to show that there are some directors who care about film culture, who can see the value of young directors."

However, not all the directors included on the DVD have gone on to have really good feature film careers. Morte adds, "I think it's very important to people making film that they don't have to go it right first time. They should be allowed to fail, to learn. It was an idea to be inspirational, everybody starts from the same place, with borrowed money and a borrowed camera."

So pick up your camera and go out and shoot.

#### **GEORGE LUCAS FRESHET (FREEDOM) 1986**

Previously unavailable on tape, *Freshet* comes as a gift of a young man (Lucas' classmate Randall Kline), who would later direct *Indiana* running through the woods. But the movie is not as beautiful as it seems. It's a surprisingly political work for Lucas, though *Star Wars* fans will no doubt see it as an early rumination on the dark side.

#### **TODD SOLONDOZ FEELINGS (1984)**

Solondz takes the familiar story of the tale of the soundtrack to a black comedy about love in a cruel world. It's a bit weird, as you might imagine, but clearly well made, interesting and witty.

#### **GUS VAN SANT THE DISCIPLINE OF DE (1982)**

Van Sant's depiction of a William S. Burroughs short story demonstrates how technically skilled he already was. The film makes clever use of dubbed sound, trick effects and has a cool effect to the images that is familiar to his later work.

#### **DA. PENNEBAKER DAYBREAK EXPRESS (1983)**

A brilliant, charming love note to jazz and New York by the 17-year-old Pennabaker. The camera goes awestruck from the window of a train as the sun breaks over the city's skyscrapers.

#### **ADAM PARRISH KING THE WRAITH OF COBBLE HILL (2006)**

When Dylan, a teenage boy, from Brooklyn is recruited with the keys to the neighborhood shop, he must choose how to respond to the dark placed on him. This is the most striking piece of cinematography you've ever seen. The dialogue is clearly observed, while the "performance" of the characters is minutely accurate, strictly in the use of extended close-ups.

#### **STEFAN MADELMAN TERMINAL 647 (2003)**

Stefan Madelman's father, Sheldon, worked as a barber in one of New York's toughest parts, the Bronx, for 20 years. Over that time, he took photos of the bar's patrons, observing as change from refuge to the city's underclass and ultimately, to its depths, passed for pay black men. Stefan's *Terminal 647* offers you a the feel of a man's video, adding dimension to a film that might otherwise feel static.

*Cinema 16 is available from June 15*

# INTERVIEW TODD SOLODZ



A director at making, who's never been credited with doing movies? New Jersey dancer Todd Solondz was a hair's breadth away from becoming a Balbo before deciding to try his hand at writing and directing. Using the cinematic medium to create realism, like the characters and then put them through a warrier: diner of anger, abuse, mockery and pain, Solondz has never shed away from telling stories with good, painfully accurate emotions running through them. We caught up with him in *James Perle's*, his first ever short film, produced while still a student.

**When you first look at the film, how do you see it as the start of your career?**

Yeah, it was the first film I made with sound. I think I felt deeply embarrassed by the whole thing, but I do have affection for it as well. It's a film I made as a student, and it gave me a certain level of recognition because it was well received by my classmates. The response had been to take a piece of money and shoot a film on one day.

**Can you remember what you were trying to do with that first film? Was it a particular experiment?**

Oh, I don't know. What was I trying to do? It's really just a little bit of conversation for two minutes. One of the things I remember learning at film school was how tedious it could be to sit through a short film that's only two minutes long, so I did keep in mind that this is something that has an audience.

**Do you think it's identifiable as a Todd Solondz film? There's a certain range, isn't there?**

Well, I have a real problem making that determination because I don't know what my style is.

**Did making short films give you skills which you were able to use when making *James Perle*?**

I made a couple of films before that one, and of which helped form the present I have. They were the foundation of that.

**To what would be your main tip for young short filmmakers who are starting out?**

Well, you know it's difficult to say in a film sense. With a feature film, obviously, you just have to have a story that you need to tell. I think particularly if you're young and don't have much money, then just simply make personal things that you want to tell. You have a great deal of freedom because you have no boss. You're your own boss, so you must relax that because it may never happen again.

**What are you working on now?**

I'm working on getting money. I'm ready to start making another movie and the money's not quite solidified.

**You work quite a lot of your own money into *James Perle*, don't you?**

Er... some. You can't trust everything you need, but in order to get it fixed I certainly did put some in.

**Is it difficult to get backing for your next film?**

If the box office of your film is impressive then it makes things a little bit smoother and easier, and if it's not then things are a little rougher. That's one of the things that's hard to do when we don't have any film releases.

**James Perle was critically well received, wasn't that help?**

It was a real success for me, and it was a good thing.

Lot of people, but regardless, critics might think it's wonderful but the box office numbers are the bottom line and determine to make *James Perle*.

INTERVIEW BY CALIBRE LIVING

# INTERVIEW

Our *Tin Star* is one of the more prominent and critically acclaimed alternative directors working in America today. His early hits include *Dragsters* (1990) and *My Own Private Idaho*, films whose risk-taking led to a number of bigger-budget works, including his ill-fated remake of *Twelve Years a Slave*. *Tin Star* has returned to the limelight as a result of a re-examination work his indie/superheroial roots, producing his masterpiece *Elphinstone* and the now widely derided *Last Days Here*. We talk to the man himself about his first ever short film, *Diagnosis Of D.D.*, which is included on the new *Cannes 16 Short Films DVD*.

**What attracted you to the short story, *Diagnosis Of D.D.*?**  
It was something that I'd read in a bookstore in college. When I got out of school I wanted to make a proper film and that was the one that came to mind. It was something that I remembered as an interesting way to I asked Barroughs for the rights. He was in the phone book in New York City, so he said okay, and then I got followed through. It was somewhat low-budget - it was a \$100 film.

**Did you choose it because it dealt itself in cinematic reading?**  
Well, I wasn't sure if you know I had a hunch that there might be something

**What about the 'technical' parts of the film, like the editing falling into the drawer, and the close moving?**  
I think those are just things that I was trying to remember. They're less about the visual backwards. It was all tracks that we did work with or in the case of the drawers it's actually falling out of the drawer, but backwards and upside down.

**Regarding the other films you made, what was their purpose?**

Well, I was making *Tin Star* film, but then I wrote it as a video diary from maybe 1979 onwards. I guess it was a little later, maybe '80. I was making a film every year that was about something that had happened in my life. So it was sort of a throwback of things that had happened to me.

**What about the *Beats* DVD, and your contribution to that?**

I did a video of one of the more. A remix of *Beats*. It was great. It was the first one I've worked on as a music video. I haven't been doing many music videos but it's probably something I'd like to return to.

**Are you working on the *Time Traveller's Wife* now?**  
I'm not sure if that project is going ahead or not. I need to speak to the producers.

**Is what are you working on at the moment?**

Well there's a short film I'm sort of working on called *Zip To The Beach*. It's sort of just being formulated as I can't really talk about it. *James Braxton*.



GUS VAN  
SANT

ART BY HOLLY WALES

# SHOWCOMOTION YOUNG PEOPLE'S FILM FESTIVAL



Don't those who think  
kids and cameras don't mix  
LOVE guide to the winners and  
runners of Sheffield's Showcomotion  
Film Festival to power you all wrong

Sheffield's Showcomotion Young People's Film Festival (SYPPFF) is one of the most successful events for young people in the UK. It's a showcase for a diverse range of films from all over the globe including shorts and features on all media for and by young people. Every month the SYPPFF screens regularly for people between the ages of two and 25. Showcomotion takes it seriously as well. It's one of the few occasions when independent producers, filmmakers, film makers, cameramen and friends are put together to discuss the important business of children's cinema. While the festival holds previous screenings of major mainstream pictures (previous winners have included *Birds*, *Grease* and *Madagascar*) its main purpose is to promote independent film.

Festival Director Kathy Louisa says, "The original impetus behind the festival was the fact that behind the Showcomotion Cinema in Sheffield (the largest independent UK cinema outside of London) 21 The idea of the Showcomotion is to promote independent film from all over the world, including the UK." The festival was established as a response to a lack of independent non-American films for young people. As Kathy comments, "The young people in this country, a British film is a rare phenomenon product. The film companies just seem to have a model for consumption. There hasn't been any to be any plan about how to build an audience from the beginning, in order to put independent film onto the consciousness of young people."

There is no doubt that Britain is still leading in European contemporary Young people's film. In fact, we have been screened for a long time in Berlin (Rundfunk), Copenhagen (CICPP) and London (Cinemage). They have a sister for children's festivals in Denmark and Sweden and it has become part of the culture for a young person to visit the cinema as often as possible. Louisa argues that we don't really take the best of Britishness here. "Children's consciousness of their own society comes from film. The TV screens aren't a lot of money and British children's viewing, but they don't seem to cherish their own cinema."

Louisa has no pretensions about the fact that the festival has an obvious success. She admits that by advertising in cinema

SYPPFF

SYPPFF

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# GWENDOLINE



**GWENDOLINE (1984)**

**DIR: JUST JACQIN. RELEASED: 12 JUNE**

A merit for any of those who felt the *Jubilee* films: here's a comedy. Sorry, this is silly. *Gwendoline* is a low-rent, low-class movie that is more like a farce. Made by just Jacquin, the brains behind the *Beano* comic, *Gwendoline* somehow does a hell job of being a horrible comedy that is as well as a laughable sitcom. *Bravo!* Back. Thank God for *Gwendoline*. In *The Jungle* with the Kenneth Williams. *Let's go.*

## DVD REVIEWS

**L'HUMANITE (1993)**

**DIR: BRUNO DUMONT. RELEASED: 26 JUNE**

*Documentary*

With some films, a 100 word DVD review seems pretty pointless. Depending on the *L'Humanite* - Belgium director Bruno Dumont's follow-up to the highly praised *La Vie de Christ* - is the kind of film that seems to be worth about as much as a punch. Highly aware of the fact of its own existence, the film is about a small town police station investigating the rape and murder of a young girl, and it's not about the film. It's a long, boring, yet it's a very personal and philosophical work of art. *Good, but not*

**PIANO FUNER OF EARTHQUAKES (2005)**

**DIR: THE BROTHERS QUAY. RELEASED: 26 JUNE**

The Quays' best work. First film for 18 years, a burning with religious references, as is with every film in an extremely clearly would be followed by every single and sometimes wild scenes in a variety of different situations as well. There is no doubt as to the recovery of the director, but the film is a very good. *The Quays*







**THREE EXTREMES (2005)  
DIRS. FRUIT CHAN, TAKASHI MIKE, CHAN-WOOK PARK  
RELEASED: 27 JULY**

The current rage for Asian horror can more truth than warble while a trilogy of short films from Korea's formidable Chan-Wook Park (*Oldboy*), Japan's Takashi Miike (*Blood*) and Hong Kong's lesser-known Fruit Chan (*Atten in Ming Kong*). Here, the powerhouse triad take us through of violence, oppression, destruction and cruelty. Will, what else did you expect? There again, perhaps the hidden of expression is responsible for a sense of disappointment in Chan-Wook Park's offering, but what is not to say that his *Blind* entry of a horror film is a more held message in our cinematically demented. Surely that Mike's *Run*, a very minor and serious on morality and love, cannot more fail. While Chan's *Changyong* is the standout as much showcasing new recruits of the three. *Asian* *Insidious*

**DVD  
REVIEWS**

**PAVELA RISING (2005)  
DIR. MATT MOCHARY & JEFF ZIMBALIST  
RELEASED: 24 JULY**

*Antennas* is the signet ring for Afro Breeze – a revolutionary music group based in Virginia Beach, one of Washington's densest black history and Jeff Zimbalist's quirky documentary follows its efforts to seek help from the inescapable violence of life on the drug pages. Breakout movie month, *Pavela Rising* is enough less an ability to present the brutal realities of urban life while still celebrating the daring and potential for change championed by Afro Breeze pop. The cinematography may be a little rough in places, but this is a powerful film that deserves the warm possible *Antennas*. *New Kelly*

**BRITISH ACADEMY OF FILM AND TELEVISION ARTS  
JAMES CRAMPTON AND GUY MERRITT  
WINNERS REVEALED AT LONDON'S  
DOCKLANDS**

**BEST OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY ANIMATION AWARDS VOL. 8 (2004)  
OUT NOW**

The year of today crack on the crispness there are some of the country's brightest animation (2004) can and animation awards. A wonderful mix of best drawn and digital media that celebrates artists that combine new systems in style and looking. The collection shows off a mix of artistic talent as well as some of last year's most innovative professional television commercials, all of which push the boundaries of pen and ink to their limits. From broad and lively sport adventures to an eye with a Michael Jackson complex, the BBA Animation Awards prove animation can be as rigorous, brooding, exciting and thought-provoking as any other genre. *Lee Jones*



# THE INSIDER

## GED WRIGHT



### CREATIVE SUPERVISOR ANIMATION

*Films: **Return to Zanzibar**, **Harvey Potter 2**, **#4 of 5**, **League of Assassination**, **Chameleon**, **Up & Abrid**, **Hard Justice II**, **Enemy for**, **Swampy** (TV show)*

**Is your current "creatively inspiring" at the moment?**  
I'm taking care of the 3D on the new *Harvey Potter* film. You doing one chunk of it—I'm supervising the 2D. Last year, it's going to be as good as the last. It's not as big a piece as *Golden*, but it's a huge thing for *Golden*, for us to do the work. My role is to make it as good as possible. We have a team of 70 working on it and that will grow as the project develops.

**Do you see an optical effect in film?**  
One thing is to say it in three changes the expectation. It's hard not to notice. It's pretty good at reaching off, but it's not as big as possible. I want to see *King Kong* with my girlfriend and she got really annoyed at me because I kept it going, but the overall experience is great.

**When do you think people will stop using computer graphics in film?**  
They kind of have already. In *Proteus* and *Prophet*, you wouldn't know it, but we did a handful of scenes that were *King Kong*'s palette. And the same with the *Harvey Potter* side. Honestly, I think it'll be 10 years before you'd get visual reality that is convincing enough to let you.

**There are a lot of production companies doing incredible things with 3D animation. What's the secret?**  
There are a lot of things that are really hard to do, like scene and the camera work. Most of it is done by the people who are doing it. Something like *Golden* is incredibly overused, and you're always aware that you're looking at something that's fake. Hopefully there will be a real revolution in the future, from something that's just production, or something that's more like *Golden* production.

**What's happening with the visual effects industry at the moment?**  
There's a lot of new money, and the big change is that the knowledge is in the hands of the people. You can buy a computer and get the software and do your own animation. It's not as hard as it used to be. I think there's a lot of money from the software and more people are doing things off the shelf. I definitely think 3D animation will be a very good business, but 3D is not the only way to do it. You need a lot of things to make something that's something to make something look real. You need a lot of things to make something look real. You need a lot of things to make something look real. You need a lot of things to make something look real.





**KULTE.**

# CHAPTER SIX. DIDN'T BELIEVE THE HYPER-MECHANIC MOVIES LIND DARE





## 20 Casino Royale.

By Martin Campbell

If they think close to the novel, the franchise can be redeemed. Unfortunately, it doesn't look like they're going to do that. The first trailer shows a good-looking film (blonde Bond goes black and white), but it isn't going to subvert either recent efforts we need to see dangerous darkness from Craig, which is only barely hinted. *Optimistic Impressions?* It could go either way. **ETA November 2009**

## 19 Snakes On A Plane.

By David K. Egan

Now that the money men took a wrong turn after the critical domination of 2007's *Snake Of The Desert*, *The Hit* and the recently released *Freedomland*, Jackson needs to rethink the uber-cool need look more in the lame-duck century. As a promise, Ellis' *Snakes* walks the thin line between genius and armchair (there are snakes, on a plane), but massive internet buzz is ready to scorch mid-cinema all over this one. Flip round that first cup Jackson, first class because. **ETA August 2009**

## 18 Magneto.

By TM

With *X-Men: The Last Stand* finally on the admission radar, talk of the next Marvel spinoff has come to fruition. William Turner (*The Longest Yard*) has been handed scripting duties, and he promises *The Magnets* will be a young Erik Lensherr seeks redemption against the X-men who killed his parents. The million-dollar question is, trigger or father? The two million-dollar question is, who the hell knows any more? **ETA 2009**

## 17 Slide Away.

By Nick Egan

Following CBS' *2007* first-of-its-kind *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*, Egan - director of many of the hard-core songs - is proud to direct this being home to *Madagascar's* life. *Slide Away* (also assumed to be a play to play a part in the *Slide Away* film) is likely to star as the well-known woman, potentially alongside Eric Dane, Nicole Kidman and Hayden Christensen. *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. **ETA 2009**

## 16 Spider-Man 3.

By Dan Pineda

Spider-Man is all in his termination of the trilogy. A love triangle is rumored and you can bet your bank real of web-swing than another big-name Marvel sequel will turn up as villainous-looking world-champion. The next movie is on a three-way battle between *Spider-Man*, *Iron Man* and the *Green Goblin*. The film was made last summer in Australia, perhaps all *Spider-Man* will one day become a movie by *Spider-Man*? *Spider-Man*, let's hope *Spider-Man* will become a sticky career-trap. **ETA May 2009**

**15 Miami Vice.** *Dir. Michael Mann* ▲

woman Florida bears-- ETS Dept. 4

## 14 Paradise Lost.

destruction 878 880

### 13 Beerfest.

EQUINE PRACTICE 1994

## 12 Where The Wild Things Are. Dir. Spike Jonze

accountants who pull the strings. KIR 1997

## 11 Clerks 2. Dr. Kevin Smith

Competition screening at Carlsberg, fat led 378 1997





## 05 Volver.

by Pedro Almodóvar

Pedro Almodóvar's *Volver* is a book, directing another visually spurious tale of three generations of La Mancha matriarchs who move to Madrid in search of love, romance, respect, death, ghosts, tears and limitless vitality. Apparently, 2002 will be the year of Almodóvar? The Chinese say it's the Year of the Dog. Let's hope Pedro is backing up the right team. **BBB August 21**

## 04 Beowulf.

by Robert Zemeckis

Zemeckis goes back to the past. An eighth-century poem inspires this big-budgeting tale of Beowulf (Wilkens), a Scandinavian hero who saves all corners from Grendel, the father of all monsters — played by Crispin Glover, an old-time Zemeckis mainstay. *Beowulf* is a pop-day beast, all about to pop, so provides the voice of Grendel's son, and Hrothgar puts in a turn to enlighten the cast. With a gargantuan budget and state-of-the-art performance capture technology, we're not just being treated for an eye-popper. **BBB 10/17**

## 03 Inglorious Bastards.

by Quentin Tarantino

You'll excuse us for getting excited about guns and war, but when it's a *Quentin*—period tale of over-the-top violence leading on a suicide mission into the Nazi heartland, we junk men's help ourselves. Michael Fassbender's put himself into the draft, and Tarantino insists that his platoon buddies will include Adam Sandler and Eddie Murphy. Tarantino describes this as his "most sincere," and with a reputed six-hour script so short it may well take two trips to reach the peak. **BBB 10/16**

## 02 Guerrilla.

by Steven Soderbergh

One *Quentin* hit we all bought the *Y-chromosomes*. Now buy into the film, an open portrayal of the life of the Argentine revolutionary and guerrilla leader Ernesto "Che" Guevara. Soderbergh provides a master class in gritty realism, mounted with Soderbergh for the first time post-*Traffic*. But will the script, co-written by Del Toro and Terrence Malick (who was originally slated to direct), tread the delicate balance between biography, drama and political ruse? **BBB 10/17**

## 01 Be Kind, Rewind.

by Michel Gondry

Gondry's eccentric comedy, written in just three weeks, has been snipped up by Focus Features. Jack Black leads the intergalactic film starring in a junkyard where each a misplaced item that signs all the new films in his home movie video shop. Much he then has to remake to keep a domestic customer happy. Black-barter video, anyone? **BBB 10/17**





THE BEASTIE BOYS!



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BOYS



*Edición No 7*  
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**29 DE JULIO**





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